VOL. CCXV, No. 2809

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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 12, 1953
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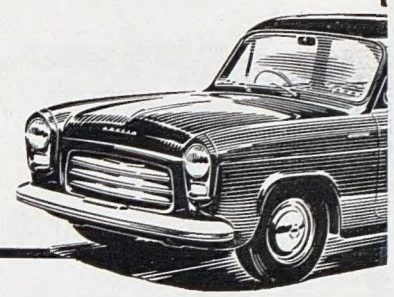

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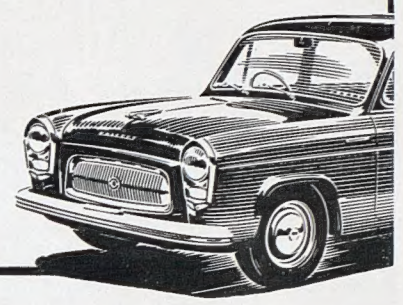

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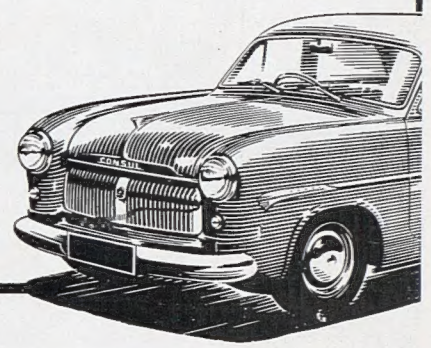

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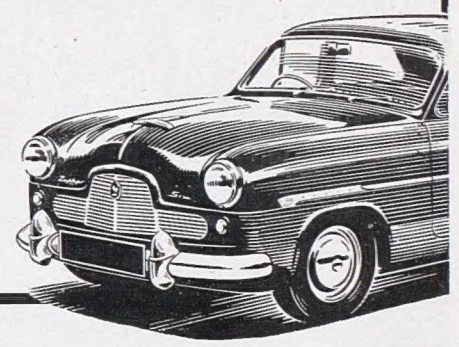

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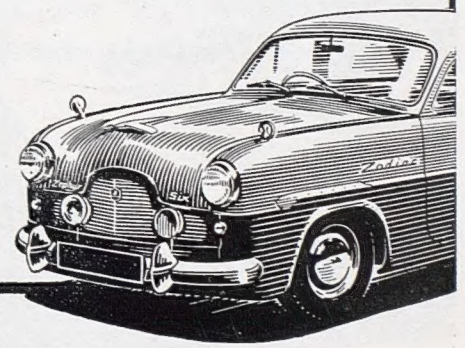

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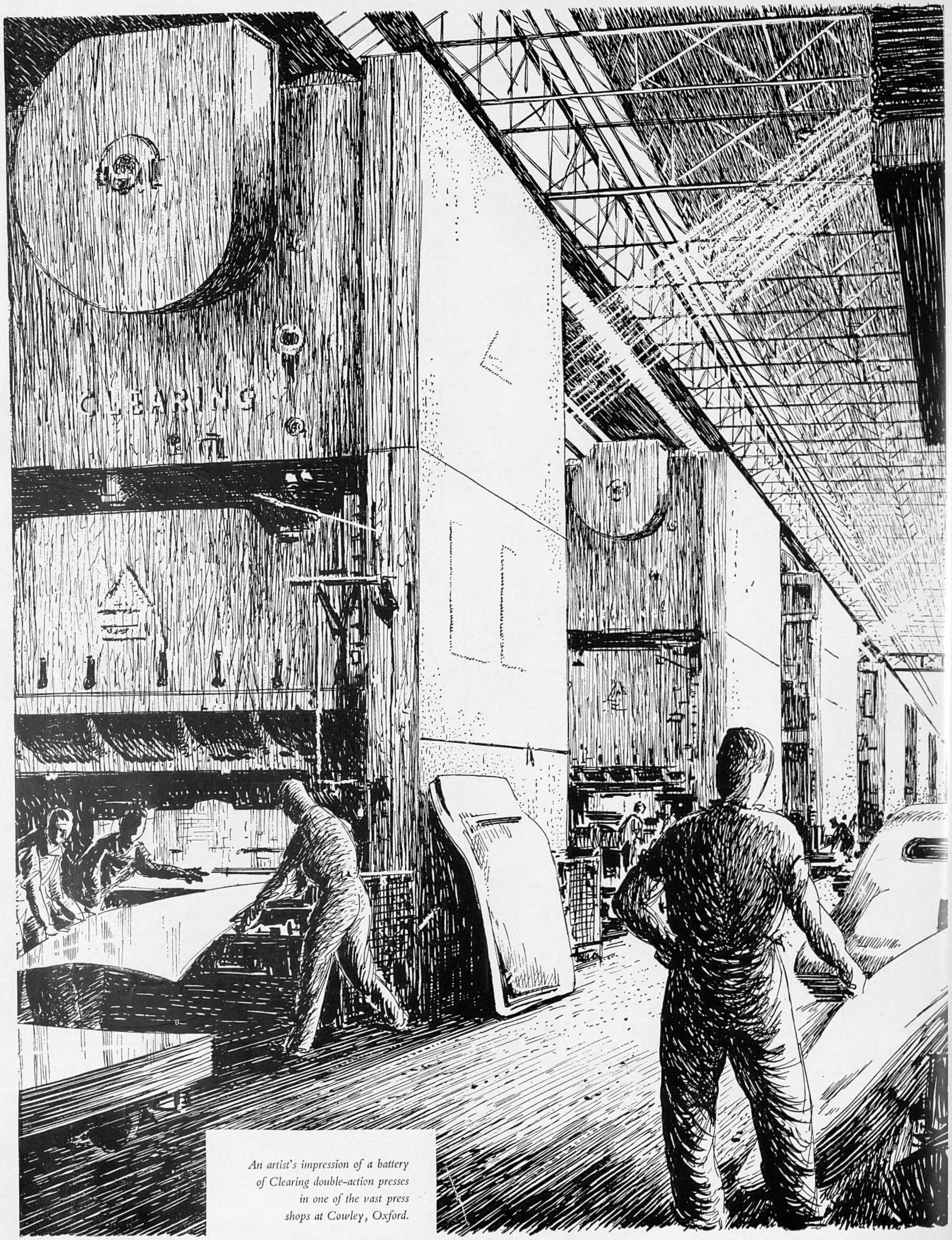

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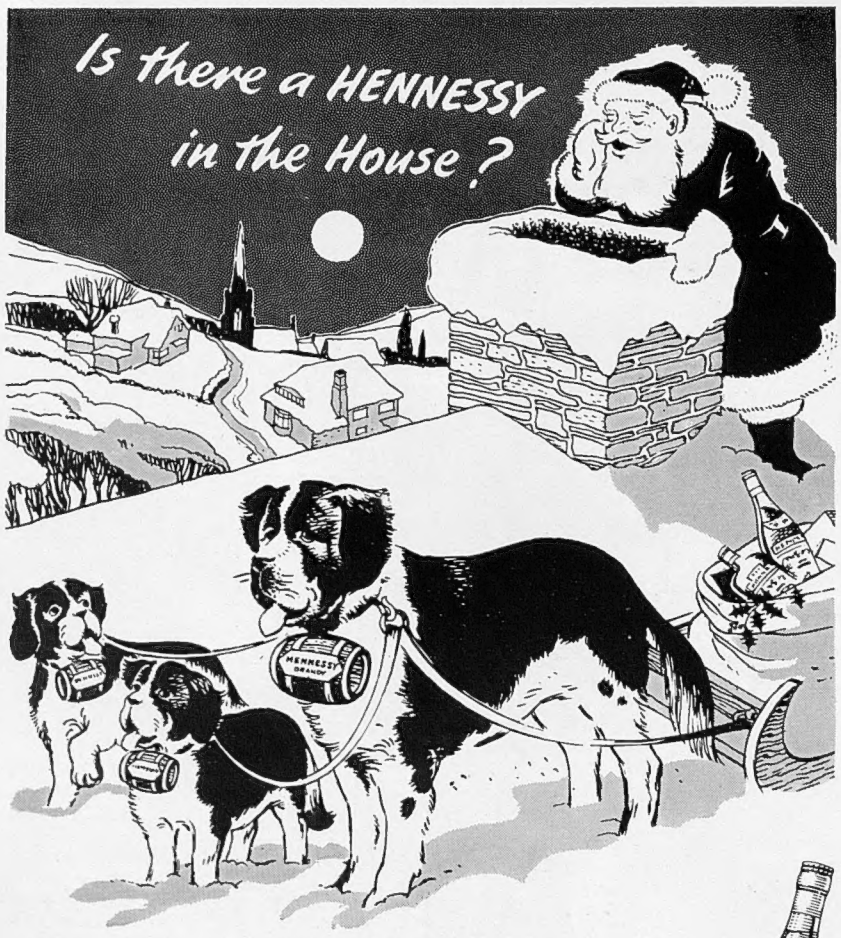

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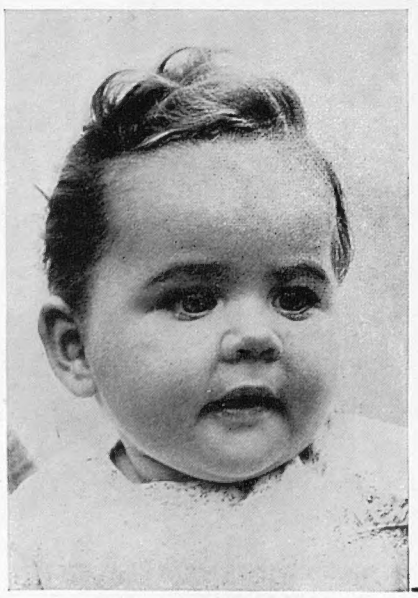

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Valsana	100	175.50	265
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Raetia	90	169	242
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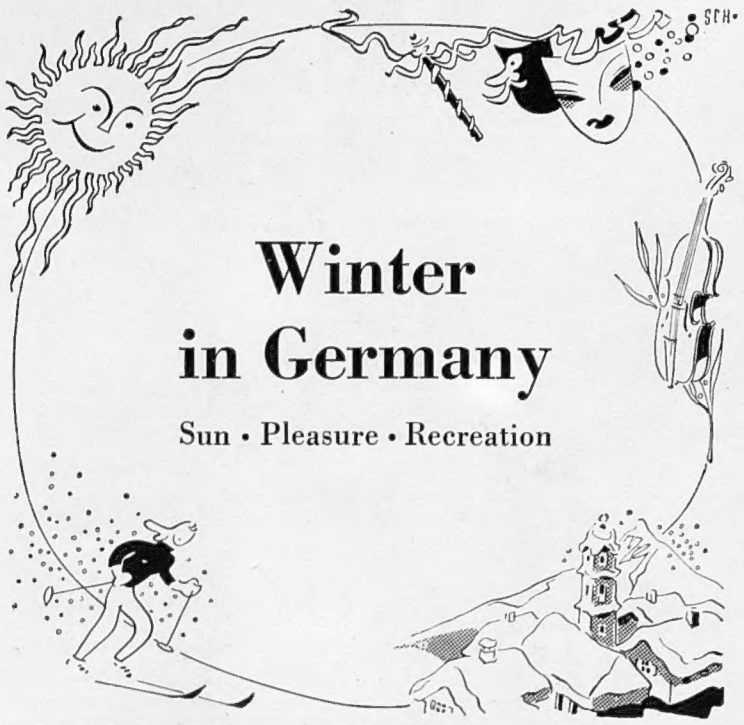

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SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Volume CCXV No. 2809 The SPHERE, London, December 12, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE BIG THREE IN BERMUDA—M. JOSEPH LANIEL, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, GENERAL EISENHOWER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN, SEEN TOGETHER AT THE MID-OCEAN CLUB AT THE START OF THEIR CONFERENCE : There were meetings at top level and at Foreign Ministers' level throughout last week-end, resulting in a large measure of agreement, most notably on the Western reply agreeing to meet the Soviet Union for a conference on Germany in Berlin. Unfortunately, M. Laniel caught a chill, and he was confined to his room during part of the Conference.

Reports of leakages at the Bermuda Conference of the Big Three led to a security check, and thereafter the Press were only given limited information during the progress of the Conference. It was made known, however, that the three leaders and their three Foreign Ministers had covered a great deal of ground. From the outset their drafting committee had begun by preparing a reply to the Soviet offer of a Four-Power Conference in Berlin, and this draft was in turn seen by the Foreign Ministers and then by the two Prime Ministers and the President. The three delegations were apparently in full agreement about the proposed conference on Germany, and hoped that Austria would be included on the agenda, but they were apparently not enamoured of Berlin as a meeting-place. Korea, Trieste and other trouble-spots were all considered by the delegates in their wide-ranging survey, and at various dinners and luncheons held during the week-end important understandings were effected, quite apart from those reached at the conference-table. (Further pictures from Bermuda will be found on pages 462-63 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

THE PRINCESS AT AN ART EXHIBITION

PRINCESS MARGARET TOURS THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES, PICCADILLY : Her Royal Highness has an amusing moment during her visit to the sixth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. With her in this picture are Committee members of the exhibition. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, whose portrait by Edward Halliday hangs in the exhibition, and the Duchess of Kent were also present. The Queen visited the exhibition just before leaving England at the start of the Royal Tour.

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE BALLET

THE DUCHESS OF KENT ATTENDS THE PREMIERE OF THE FRENCH BALLET AT THE STOLL THEATRE, LONDON : On the left are Madame Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, and Noël Coward, who, together with the Duchess and other members of the party, are seen enjoying a laugh with a person unseen. There were three ballets presented on the first night at the Stoll—they were *Le Loup, Deuil en 24 heures* and a new piece *La croqueuse de diamants*.

THE WINDSORS COME TO TOWN

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ARRIVING AT CLARIDGE'S HOTEL, AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL FROM PARIS, ON A SHORT VISIT : They had just driven from Victoria Station, where they had arrived in the Golden Arrow. During their visit the Duke and Duchess made several shopping expeditions in the West End. The Duke also called on the Prime Minister and went to Windsor to inspect some of his possessions. It was the Duchess's first visit since 1949.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Mr. Lyttelton's Troubles.—I can imagine that Mr. Lyttelton may to-day wish himself "back among his orange-groves" in the City, as, centuries ago, did the Captain-General of the Armada. His "oranges" prospered under his hand. His Colonial Armada is an awkward squad to handle, and privateers and Drakes are for ever peppering him and weaving through his various commands. I had hoped that Uganda, where they speak Luganda and share the Protectorate with Buganda, was "safe" for a time against hot-head and disruptive forces. I have relations there who tell of peace, order and goodwill in Colonial administration. The native elements seem always far more contented and better handled there than elsewhere in Africa, and I hope and believe we shall find that the Kabaka has broken loose, not as leader of a million malcontents, but as the victim of swelled-head. Naturally, his sudden trip to London and his deposition must arouse fierce suspicion and criticism by the Opposition. Was he forced aboard the plane? Does he come willingly? It seems that he was not much upset by deposition—but, coming hard upon the Griffiths' court-martial finding, it would be strange if critical voices were not raised concerning arbitrary actions and colour bias. Altogether the Colonial field in Africa has in the last two years been no bed of roses for Mr. Lyttelton, Sir E. Baring and General Erskine, and many others on the spot, and I doubt if the management of the territories ever before placed so heavy a burden of responsibility and trouble on all concerned with administration, civil and military, in London and in the African territories. All have had a gruelling time and our sympathy must extend to the humbler folk, Civil Servants, troops and settlers, who carry out orders and endure dangers and anxieties beyond all expectation.

The Counsel of the Old Man.—In his eightieth year, Sir Winston flew off to Bermuda, like a dove from the Ark, in the hope of carrying back an olive-branch, to bring peace one day to this troubled world. I hope that in a few weeks Strube of the *Sunday Times* may block in one more "part" for this man who has played so many, and beyond the Garter Knight and right under History's laurel crown, give us the old World Statesman who prayed and strove for peace in his time. Still to-day we believe there is no problem in the world which cannot be settled by peaceful means. Trieste, Suez, Persia, are small instances. We shall not know even the first steps achieved before this paragraph is sent to the printers. The first step must be the right answer to Russia's offer of a Four-Power conference at Berlin. It is not so much "what can we hope to gain from it," but "what might we lose if we refuse to try it out." We may advance no whit, but at least we shall know better where we stand with Russia. We admit we know nothing of the Kremlin. How then dare we assume that it has no anxieties of its own. It is the old man who must do the job at Bermuda. His is the political experience, the steady wisdom unfettered by votes, which must give him at Bermuda at least the right to be heard and to direct.

Trust the People.—Lord De La Warr was said to have made a fine defence in the Lords on the competitive T.V. debate, about which I hold no strong opinions on either side. I have no doubt he did. But nowadays Liberty is a name in which many crimes are committed all the world over and the easy phrase "trust the people," which comes glibly from the lips of Governments, needs reservations. Lord De La Warr argued that there was no fear of liberty changing to licence in competitive T.V. The people, he said, had self-discipline. The decency and good sense of the people would not call for the controls the Government would possess. Those who opposed the Government proposals distrusted the people. It all sounds beautiful. It is nice to know how much the Government appreciates our virtues, especially our honour, our good sense and inherent decency. But why then do we have income-tax sleuths and sleuths who pounce on milk rounds and test-weighing machines and examine licences? Or policemen to interfere with the "people" who steal mink coats and blow up cable standards? The liberty of the Press is a fine thing, but has it never turned to licence? And who are the people? If some nasty Sunday paper has allowed liberty to drift to licence, and keeps its 4,000,000 readers (who might have chucked it in disgust), are these 4,000,000 among the "people" whom Lord De La Warr includes in his comfortable, flattering phrase. These are tiresome questions which a gentleman doesn't put to a gentleman in "the finest club in the world." And I don't expect an answer outside the House.

National Good Taste.—Lord Salisbury was quite as flattering as Lord De La Warr of our national good taste. Trust the people to show their disgust at a programme that showed any sign of lapse from the high standards the nation demands. Do those who take a contrary view of the Government's proposals for alternative T.V. go about the streets blindfold? Do they take a jaundiced view of the "uplift" of the Sunday papers and the programmes shown in their local cinema and illustrated outside them? Do Lord Salisbury and Lord De La Warr sympathise with some of the stunts, impertinences, nastinesses and dirtiness which no trifling section of the nation daily proves that it *thoroughly enjoys* in its Press and other entertainment services? I can't believe it. But how right they would be if they spoke of their trust in our people *in all save in matters of good taste and uplift.* We are an orderly, disciplined race. But in this debate on T.V., the whole basis of the arguments covered the one virtue of good taste, and that *is* a virtue of the nation which admits of argument and laughs at confident pronouncements unless you accept it that all tastes are good. The Peers rallied and cast their votes pro and con, and I studied the two lists. I was delighted to find that our Upper House refused to bury their heads in the sand, showed their elasticity in recognising the supreme importance of this new power for good or evil; neither despising nor underrating it. But I wondered whether some of the noble lords who voted with the Government and accepted the issue as vitally bound up with public taste in their hearts truly subscribe to the official view that the nation can be trusted to discourage what is base in their entertainment services. Finally, Lord Salisbury, in a debate which exceptionally raised temperatures in the Upper House was quite admirable in his summing-up.

THAMES TRAFFIC STOPPED WHILE LOCK IS REPAIRED

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE OLD WINDSOR LOCK, WHICH IS BEING ENLARGED AT A COST OF £64,000 : The lock, which has been closed to Thames traffic since October, will remain out of commission until next March. The advantages of this temporary inconvenience will be seen when the cruisers sail back next summer, for they will pass through a much-improved lock, 179 ft. long and 24 ft. 8 ins. wide, as compared with the former size—134 ft. long and 17 ft. 8 ins. wide.

Oxford Planning.—The City Fathers and Oxford have been in conference (and perhaps still are) on their plans for and vision of Oxford twenty years on. The City Council's plans differ from the County Council's. The latter differs from plans of Dons, pundits, protection societies and other interested parties—as you might well expect. For my part, I fancy that a plan which does not attack the almost insoluble problem of alternative routes *within* the city centre plans for what twenty years hence will be a *Lost Cause.* There are days when already Oxford seems in that respect a Lost Cause. Keep the city population at around 100,000 in 1974 by finding accommodation for its surplus or "overspill" by developing Littlemore or expanding local villages, give Cowley its own shops and strict boundaries . . . still the Oxford traffic problem will remain to solve.

Oxford's Colleges will always attract the tourist and the passer-through. Its Outer Ring by-passes never seem to attract the genuine go-getter. He is led as by a magnet through the centre or up Long Wall Street. And Oxford's shops attract more than the rich and the elegant. The Cowley population will always prefer them to their own, with the City lights and cinemas. The bicycles and cars will for ever jam Magdalen Bridge, the blocks at Carfax will grow, the delays will be longer, until the insoluble problem of by-passes enforced through the sacred City itself is solved. Perhaps, twenty years on, the problem will be solved from and through the air. Perhaps we shall be a dictator-State and only those with passes will be suffered by the Gestapo to enter the city through the High or Carfax. Meanwhile, I greatly fear the Oxford plan (any plan) to make Oxford and its traffic endurable is a lost cause.

And a "Green Belt."—Then there is Mr. Alec Smith (New College) with his plan for a Green Belt. The outward sprawl of Oxford over the once agricultural country villages is no new anxiety. The Green Belt has been in the news before. Mr. Smith's plan is prepared to sacrifice "to a limited extent" Abingdon, Wheatley, Eynsham and Kidlington within the five-mile radius. But the horses are stolen. The Wheatley-Headington area already compares "favourably" with Peacehaven as a planned Paradise, and Abingdon has long since lost its great charm. The oldest inhabitant of Rottingdean who wishes to prowl along the coast towards Lewes doesn't repeat the expedition, and the scholar-gipsy from New College who wishes to ramble into Bucks from Magdalen Bridge will turn back, if still alive, when he reaches the roundabout south of Wheatley. The green belt is already indelibly grey and few of its villages have escaped the splashes of cement and the jerry builders.

"*Quis Custodiet*"?—The art of stealing, the technique of larceny, continually improves. It is not only the Fleet Street principle that bad news is news and news of moral improvement no news that persuades us that to-day the thief has the best of the argument with the forces of law and order. He gets away with it even if he is caught in the end. Perhaps therefore it is as "safe" to lend your treasures to a public exhibition as to keep them in your own house. They are safe in neither place, but at any rate in public galleries and exhibitions they are almost always under some sort of surveillance by paid janitors. But the janitors are not infallible. The supply of argus-eyed janitors is small and must command enormous wages, and the average janitor, I suppose, grows sleepy in the stuffy atmosphere of museum-land after his dinner interval. How easy then for the modern artist in larceny to extract a priceless miniature or jewel! It costs too much to put every exhibit under plate glass or attach it to an electric alarm. All the same, I should be chary of lending a little treasure, if I had a worthy one, for public exhibition to-day. In a year or so, we shall probably be able to study statistics of the losses due to the opening of great houses to the public. It may be alarming or comforting, but the statistics will not reveal how much useful information leading to later thefts was extracted by "professional" sightseers who paid their half-crowns like you and me. Perhaps "trust the people" is still the principle with exhibitionists as with Governments. But, if so, why employ even one sleepy janitor? "Trust me all in all or not at all."

Disbanding the Volunteers.—In the next few years we are likely to get several sidelights on the annual "little bill" which resulted from the "disbandment of the volunteers." To-day the work, so well and so faithfully done for centuries, by men who willingly undertook essential local work for the country, in local Government, hospital and school management and so forth, is largely transferred to Civil Servants; and the lay magistracy and local councillors, formerly honorary workers, are now entitled to charge for subsistence and travelling allowances when engaged on their public duties. Sometimes, I suppose, it must be hard enough to separate public from private business duties when both lie along the same road. The cost of living and of petrol, combined with crippling taxation, no doubt convinced Authority that such charges must be met, where volunteers were not available. But volunteers even to-day remain available and in large numbers. Many a lay magistrate rejects the "claims" forms, and dislikes the condition that his claim must be checked by his own justice's clerk, and that duty is equally disliked by many clerks. Among these surviving volunteers are many men and women of great experience in many fields, and it seems a pity (for tax- and rate-payers' pockets) that in voting and other selections for local government and the Bench preference is not more often given to those who have still no wish to be a public charge on an empty treasury. Without questioning the necessity in many cases for these allowances, I should like to learn how much they cost the taxpayers in a year. THE OLD STAGER

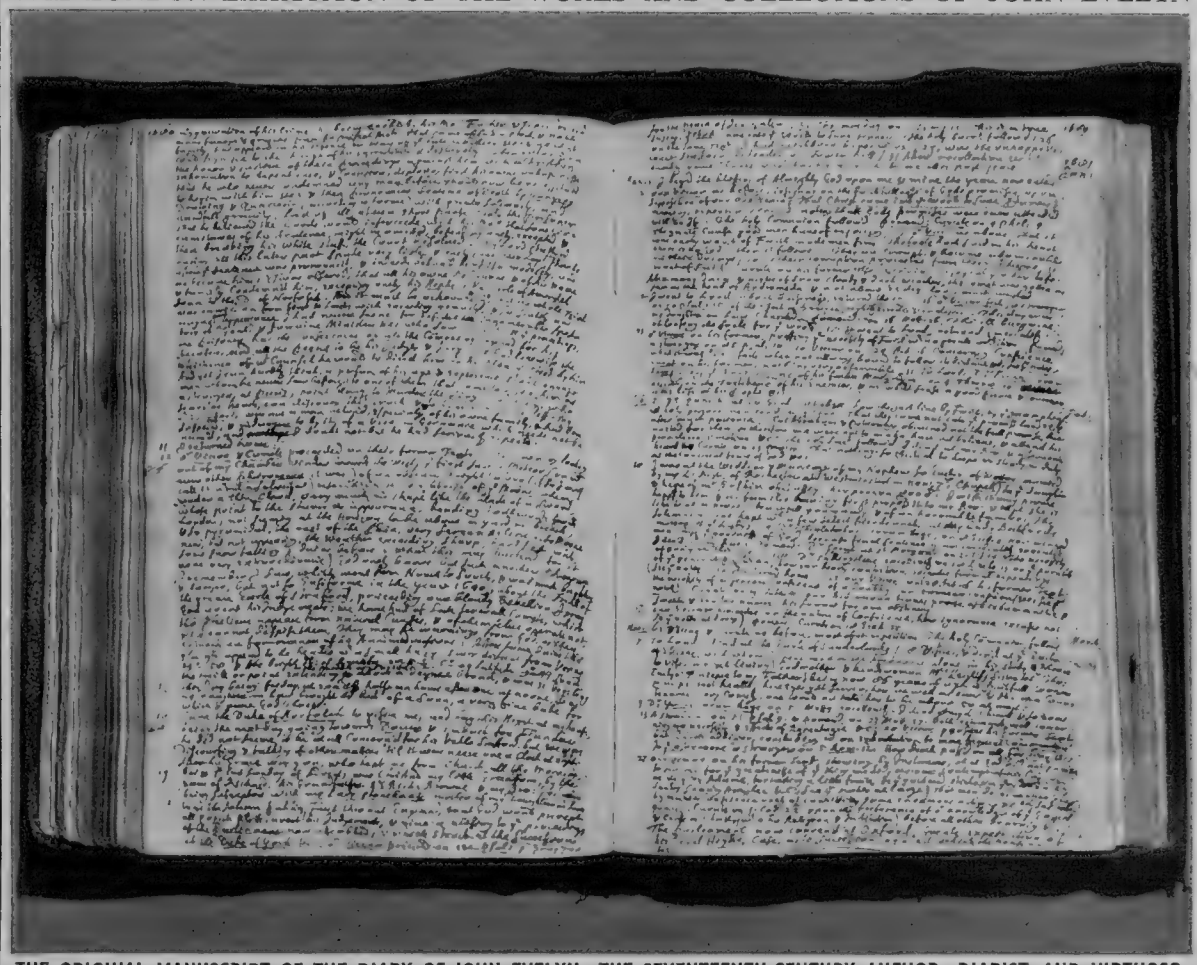
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PORTRAIT of an ENGLISH VILLAGE

The Story of Hartland, in North Devon

By Ronald Duncan

THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS AND COLLECTIONS OF JOHN EVELYN

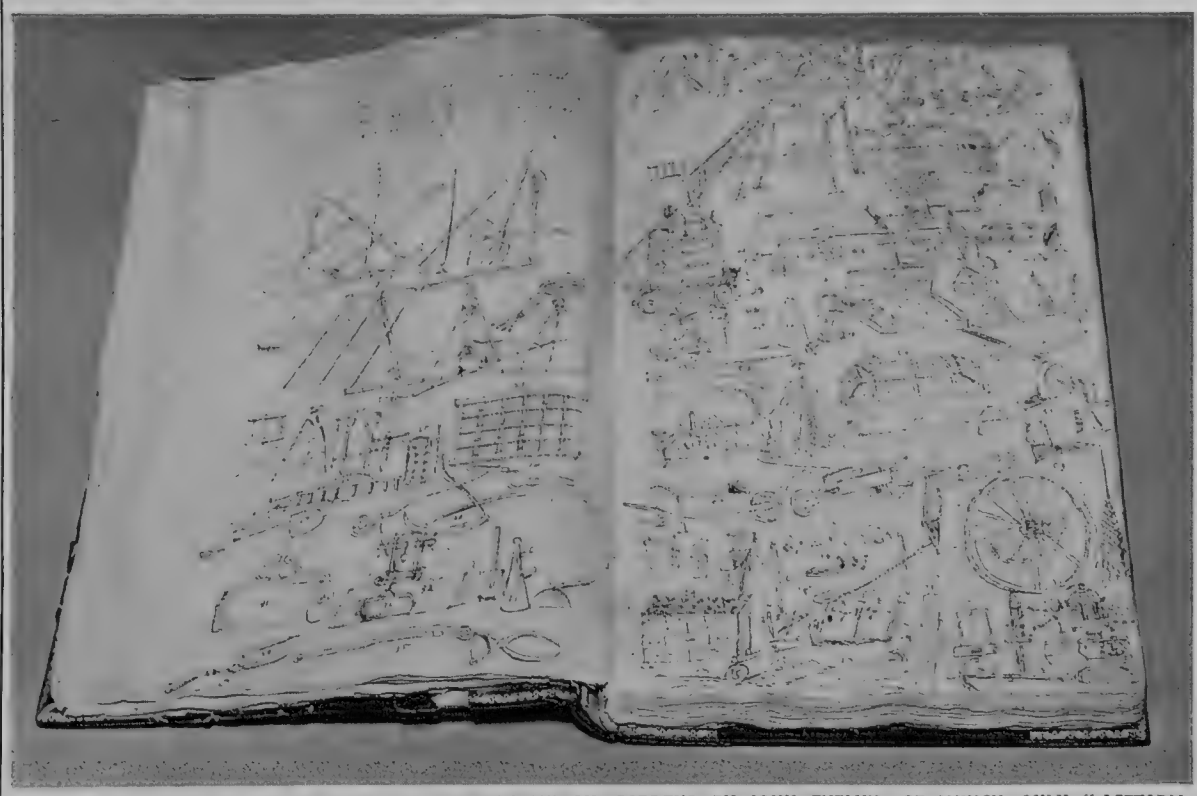


THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN, THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AUTHOR, DIARIST AND VIRTUOSO: This manuscript, lent by the Library of Christ Church, Oxford, forms part of the Exhibition of the Works and Collections of John Evelyn, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in South Kensington. Other exhibits include Evelyn's silver, his own etchings and drawings, some personal relics and a number of pictures, prints and books.

John Evelyn is known to us mainly as a diarist, and as a friend of that other great diarist of the seventeenth century, Samuel Pepys. But at the Victoria and Albert Museum a loan exhibition of his works and collections portrays him also as a very versatile collector, writer and amateur artist. A glance at the collection in rooms 70 to 73 shows that he must have been remarkably industrious, for ever writing notes on cooking, medicine, chemistry, medals, or whatever subject attracted his curiosity. Brought up in the time of Charles I, when it was fashionable for the nobility to be well-informed about painting, Evelyn became the most sought-after connoisseur of the Restoration period. He was not rich enough to make a large collection of works of art, but during his visits to France, Italy and the Low Countries he sometimes acquired pictures and prints from the artists he met there, and in England he lent active support to Wenzel Hollar and Grinling Gibbons. He was also the first to describe the art of mezzotinting in his book *Sculptura*, published in 1662. It was Evelyn, too, who helped to found the Royal Society, while probably his greatest influence on English life was in the field of gardening and forestry.

The exhibition has been made possible by the help of Christ Church, Oxford, and others, while the majority of the pictures and prints have been lent by Major Sherman Stonor, trustee of the Collection which belongs to the present John Evelyn. One of the paintings on view is of Wotton, for many years Evelyn's home.

"HORTUS HYEMALIS"—A COLLECTION OF PRESSED PLANTS MADE AT PADUA IN 1645: An entry in Evelyn's diary for July 31, 1645, records: "I went to see ye garden of simples, rarely furnished with plants, and gave to ye gardener to make a collection of them for an hortus hyemalis."



MANUSCRIPT OF "ELYSIUM BRITANNICUM," A TREATISE ON GARDENS BY JOHN EVELYN, OF WHICH ONLY "ACETARIA, A DISCOURSE OF SALLETS," WAS PUBLISHED IN 1699: The manuscript is open at the drawings by the author to illustrate the "Instruments Belonging to a Gardiner." The exhibition remains open until the end of February.

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

Persia Resumes Diplomatic Relations with Britain; No News in New York; H.M.S. "Gambia" at Malta; A New Highway in Venezuela; Fire Sweeps Pusan

THE PERSIAN CABINET DECIDES TO RESUME DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH BRITAIN: General Zahedi, the Premier, at the head of the table, presiding over the Cabinet meeting in Teheran at which it was decided to resume diplomatic relations with Britain. It is hoped that after the exchanging of Ambassadors without delay, the two countries will resume negotiations on the oil dispute. Mr. D. A. H. Wright has been appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Persia and it is expected that an Ambassador will be nominated later. General Zahedi said that Persia had resumed relations with Britain because the breach had failed to solve the oil dispute.

A ROYAL EXILE RETURNS TO PERSIA: Queen Taj-Ul-Mokuk, the Queen Mother, shortly after her arrival by rail in Teheran. Behind is the Shah of Persia with his sister, Princess Chams. The Queen Mother had been in exile abroad after Mr. Mossadek had accused her and her daughters of interfering in Persian politics. Princess Chams had returned from exile to Teheran a week before. Still abroad is another sister of the Shah, Princess Ashraf. She is expected to return to Persia shortly.

NEW YORK WITHOUT NEWSPAPERS AND SHOPS WITHOUT CUSTOMERS—ONE OF THE UNEXPECTED RESULTS OF THE STRIKE OF PHOTO-ENGRAVERS IN NEW YORK: The strike, which entered into its second week last week-end, was called by the union of the photo-engravers and affected all but one of New York's papers. The engravers were demanding an increase of 15 dollars a week. As editorial staffs respected the pickets set up by the engravers, the papers had to cease publication. The only paper not affected was the *New York Herald Tribune*, but after a few days this paper too ceased publication because, it declared, it was being used "as an instrument to obstruct normal collective bargaining." Coming as it did in the vital shopping weeks before Christmas, the strike had many far-reaching effects. Because they have been unable to advertise, except on television and radio, which did not prove sufficient, all the big stores say that customers are not buying.

THE LONELY EDITOR—A SCENE IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE "NEW YORK DAILY MIRROR": The only person in the room is Editor Charles Barth, who is reading some news that might have been printed.

H.M.S. "GAMBIA" RETURNS TO MALTA AT THE END OF A SHORT CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: The 8,000-ton Mauritius-class cruiser prepares to make fast at her mooring following her return to Malta after her visit to the North African coast. During the cruise she wore the flag of Vice-Admiral W. W. Davis, Second in Command, Mediterranean Fleet. H.M.S. *Gambia*, launched at the end of 1940 and completed in 1942, is armed with nine 6-in. guns and eight 4-in. A.-A. guns. She is capable of a speed of nearly 30 knots.

A ROAD FORMING AN IMPORTANT LINK BETWEEN THE CAPITAL CITY OF VENEZUELA AND A SEAPORT IS OPENED : This is an aerial view of the new road connecting Caracas, the capital, with La Guaira, the port which takes in 50 per cent. of Venezuela's imports. The road, which was opened by President Perez Jimenez, is only ten miles long, but it has cost 60,000,000 dollars to build, and taken engineers over six years to complete. Previous routes from La Guaira to Caracas took one hour to travel along and vehicles had to negotiate many dangerous bends. On the new road, travelling time is only fifteen minutes. To bridge the many deep valleys crossed by the road, three of the largest pre-stressed concrete bridges in the world have been constructed.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY WELCOMES A SWEDISH LINER ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK : The Swedish-American liner *Kungsholm* is seen making her way majestically up New York Bay. Above her floats a U.S. Naval Blimp and, in the background, a fire-float salutes with her hoses. The *Kungsholm*, of 22,000 tons, is the flagship of the Swedish Merchant Navy and carried over 600 passengers.

THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF PUSAN, IN SOUTH KOREA, WHERE A WIND-WHIPPED FIRE DESTROYED A LARGE PART OF THE CITY : *On left*—Homeless South Koreans sitting listlessly among the ruins of their homes after the fire had abated. During the early days of the Korean war Pusan played a very important part. At one time it was the only port available for the shipment of Allied personnel and equipment. The flimsy nature of the majority of the buildings and a 30-m.p.h. wind made the task of fire-fighting almost impossible. Among the many important buildings destroyed were the United States Army's Korean Base, a wireless station and the railway station.

THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

M. Herriot Honoured in Paris; Caracas Rebuilt; Agreements Signed in Moscow and Cairo; An Expedition Prepares in New York

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT CALLS ON M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT: M. Auriol shaking hands with the seated President of the French National Assembly when he paid M. Herriot the rare honour of calling upon him at his official residence in Paris. M. Herriot, who is eighty-one, announced his retirement from political life, stating that he would not stand for re-election for the Presidency of the Assembly. He also said that he did not consider that it would be honest for him to stand for the Presidency of the Republic in the coming elections.

When it was announced in the French Chamber of Deputies that the President of the Assembly, Edouard Herriot, had decided to retire from the front rank of politics, all the Deputies rose and applauded for some minutes. It was a measure of the respect and admiration that all Frenchmen held for the veteran statesman, who has played a leading role in French politics for more than forty years. His retirement will deprive the Assembly and French Governments of advice which has always been sought, and which he has never shirked giving. Edouard Herriot has been Prime Minister of France three times. None of his Ministries lasted very long, but even when he did not hold the highest Cabinet office, he played an important part in French politics between the wars. He became President of the Chamber in 1936, and after the war, during which he was interned and deported by the Germans, he became President of the first Assembly of the Fourth Republic. During his tenure of office, Herriot has not hesitated to be outspoken on matters of public interest, and latterly he has been prominent for his opposition to the European Defence Community. His candidature for the Presidency has recently been canvassed, and his decision to retire from politics has come as a disappointment to his supporters. It will certainly leave a gap in the councils of French statesmen.

REBUILDING THE MOST EXPENSIVE CITY IN THE WORLD: Crowds assembling at the Centro Bolivar in Caracas to watch the Venezuelan President Jiminez dedicate the Plaza of the Avenida Bolivar development. This tremendous building project in the heart of the old city, which is costing more than £100,000,000, is now nearing completion. The development includes twenty-four major buildings, underground parking areas and an underground bus terminal. The skyscraper dominating the Plaza, which has been called the Rockefeller Centre of Venezuela, will house Government offices, with shops and private offices below. Some of the other buildings have already been occupied by the Venezuelan Ministry of Finance and by private firms and professional men. Two automobile underpasses from Gilencio to the capital have been constructed underneath the buildings. There are four traffic-levels. Caracas has been described as the most expensive capital city anywhere in the world.

NEW YORK PREPARATIONS FOR AN AFRICAN EXPEDITION: Four members of a party that will make an anthropological study in North Africa stand on one of their specially designed vehicles, with their unusual headquarters tent behind them. They are, from left, Mr. Francis Conant, Miss Daniele Bernheim (standing), Mrs. Miriam Conant, and Mr. Claude Bernheim. Mr. Bernheim, a New York businessman, is leading a four-months expedition from Casablanca across the desert to Cairo, under the auspices of the New York Museum's Department of Anthropology. Mr. Bernheim will be accompanied by his wife, as well as by his two daughters and his son-in-law, Mr. Conant.

"MALENKOV'S MASTER SPY" AND HIS WIFE ARE HELD IN FRANKFURT: Georgii Vladimirovich Khorumzii, alias Georg Müller, with his wife Elizabeth during a hearing before the United States District Court in Frankfurt. Khorumzii and his wife are charged with transmitting information about the Allied Forces in Western Germany to the Soviet Intelligence Service. Described by the German Press as "Malenkov's master spy," he has been held in special security custody for over two months. Khorumzii is said to have been a Soviet Staff Officer.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER FROM THE WATERS OF THE RIVER DNIEPER : The site of a tremendous building project near Kakhovka, in the Ukraine. *On right* is the power-house under construction. The plans for a new hydro-electric station with a capacity of 250,000 kilowatts were made in September 1950. The power station, which is expected to be completed by 1956, is part of a great scheme to utilise the waters of the River Dnieper. At the same time work is going on to build a dam, a shipping lock and irrigation canals, which should be completed by 1957. Assembly and construction work is now being carried on at a site some 44 ft. below the level of the river.

EGYPT AND JAPAN SIGN THEIR FIRST POST-WAR TRADE AGREEMENT : The Japanese Minister to Cairo, Mr. Shigeru Yosano, *left*, and the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Fawzi, *right*, signing the agreement in Cairo. Under the pact the two countries are to resume large-scale trading which had been interrupted by the war. The agreement provides for the exchange of Egyptian cotton and cotton goods and rice and phosphate, against Japanese manufactured goods and silk textiles and machinery. The Japanese tenders for the erection of a viscose factory in Yugoslavia and for supplying railway stock to India have recently been accepted against British competition.

RUSSIAN AMNESTY TO JAPANESE PRISONERS-OF-WAR : Mr. Tadatsugu Simadzu, President of the Japanese Red Cross, appends his signature to the decree granting an amnesty to the Japanese military and civilian prisoners still held in Russia for alleged war crimes. The release of 1,047 prisoners was negotiated by a mission from the Japanese Red Cross in Moscow. The delegates visited one of the camps during their stay. The first batch of repatriates has already arrived in Japan from Vladivostock. The party consisted of 407 soldiers, 13 seamen and 391 civilians, including 9 women and 2 children. These repatriates drew up a list of another 1,700 Japanese still detained in Russia, besides 570 who died in captivity. The last repatriation from Russia to Japan took place in 1950.

On left—

ANOTHER ACTOR IN A MIDDLE EAST COURT DRAMA : Prince Abbas Halim, a cousin of ex-King Farouk, rolls his eyes toward heaven as he expatiates on the crimes of the former King. Abbas Halim was before the Revolutionary Tribunal in Cairo, charged with treason by contacting a foreign Power in 1952 with the object of endangering the security of his country. The accused's defence, which he conducted personally, consisted mainly of a detailed description of allegedly immoral conduct by his cousin. He avowed that he had always been the ex-King's rival and opponent. The court found Abbas Halim guilty, but his suspended sentence of fifteen years means that he is released immediately, and will only be imprisoned if he commits an offence within the next fifteen years.

On right—

BROOKLYN BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN : A section of the eighty-year-old Brooklyn Bridge over the Kentucky River near Harrodsburg, Kentucky, after it collapsed under the weight of a 1½-ton lorry. The driver suffered a back injury, but neither he nor the lorry went into the water, which is about 20 ft. deep.

IN THE LOCKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL: This was the scene as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who crossed the Isthmus of Panama by canal, arrived to inspect the lock system. The Royal travellers were actually aboard the *Gothic* during the passage of the Miraflores Lock, and they went into the lock control room at one stage to see the system at work. At the time of writing, the *Gothic* is steaming steadily south-westwards across the Pacific, the next halt being at Fiji on December 17. From Fiji the Queen and the Duke will fly to Tonga for a two-day visit as the guests of Queen Salote, and they will arrive at Auckland, New Zealand, on December 23.

WESTWARD HO!

The Royal Travellers Pass Through the Panama Canal and Head Westwards Across the Pacific to Fiji and the Tongas

IN THE CONTROL ROOM AT THE MIRAFLORES LOCK: Mr. L. B. Barlow (left), the Tower Operator, is seen explaining the method of operating the Panama Canal lock to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. On the right is Brigadier-General J. S. Seybold, the Governor of the Panama Canal Zone.

WHEN THE "GOTHIC" CROSSED THE LINE: The Duke of Edinburgh seen with a butcher's apron and lather brush in hand as he prepared to act as Neptune's Barber during the ceremonies held aboard the *Gothic* as the liner crossed the Equator. Inspector Frank Kelley, Personal Police Officer to the Duke, acted as Neptune, and the Queen watched the lathering and ducking of the victims.

PANAMA'S WELCOME FOR THE QUEEN

A Halt on Foreign Territory as the "Gothic" Passed Through the Canal En Route to Fiji

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH GOING ASHORE AT CRISTOBAL ON ARRIVAL IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE: Walking behind them is Mr. E. A. Cleugh, the British Ambassador in Panama. There were remarkable scenes of enthusiasm at the dockside, where great crowds gathered to meet the Royal travellers, and these were repeated when they drove into the city of Colon.

After the tumult and colour of the Royal visit to Bermuda and Jamaica, the liner *Gothic* headed almost due southwards to the Panama Canal, where she crossed the isthmus to enter the waters of the Pacific and start the long voyage to New Zealand and Australia, the twin goals of the journey. At Cristobal Docks, at the Caribbean entrance to the Canal, the Queen and the Duke went ashore, and for La Reina Isabel II and El Duque de Edimburgo there was a right Royal reception from the people of Panama. From the American residents of the Canal zone there was also an enthusiastic welcome. The Royal travellers crossed most of the isthmus by car, but they did rejoin the *Gothic* for the passage of the Miraflores Locks. Afterwards they were received in the city of Panama, a remarkable conclusion to a twenty-four-hour visit which for the time being quite overshadowed Panama's celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic.

AS THE "GOTHIC" PASSED THROUGH THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS: The Queen and the Duke seen on the bridge of the liner. They had driven across the isthmus by car, but rejoined the ship during the passage through the locks, and they also inspected the lock controls.

COLON TURNED OUT IN FORCE TO GREET THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE: This was the scene in the city as the Royal cavalcade passed through. At one point in Colon the crowds broke through the ranks of the police escort. The city stands at the Caribbean entrance to the Canal.

THE "GOTHIC" ENTERING THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS: In making the passage of the isthmus the liner was subject to dues of £3,000. The Pedro Miguel Locks are near the Pacific end of the Panama Canal.

THE QUEEN DRIVES WITH THE PRESIDENT OF PANAMA: Her Majesty and Colonel Jose Antonio Remon passing through the city of Colon. This was the Queen's first visit to a foreign state since her accession to the throne, and Panama acclaimed her with vigour and enthusiasm.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LEAVING THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT PANAMA: They had been present at an Embassy reception and later returned to the *Gothic* to change before being entertained to dinner by the President of Panama at his official residence. The Queen and the Duke both received Panama's Order of Manuel Amador Guerrero.

A DUIKER, ONE OF THE PRETTIEST OF SMALL GAZELLES : This animal is one of the most difficult of all antelopes to photograph, because it lives in bush and forest and lies hidden for the greater part of the day. The pictures on these pages were taken by the photographer Ylla mainly in the National Parks and game reserves of East Africa.

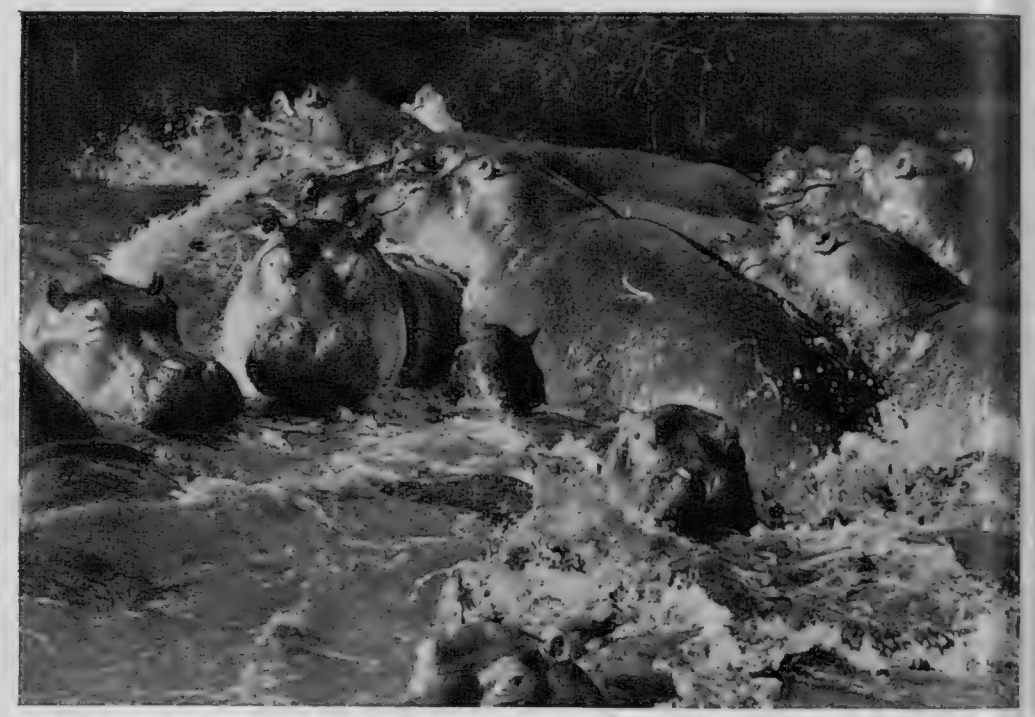
THE GRANDEUR OF AFRICAN WILD LIFE

Ylla's Pictures of Wild Animals in East African Reservations form a Beautiful Collection Recently Published by the Harvill Press

A remarkable book of colour and black-and-white photographs, *Animals in Africa* (Harvill. 30s.), displays the full beauty of the game reservations and National Parks of East Africa. Ylla, the American photographer, made a strange safari with her camera in 1952. She took most of her pictures in reservations in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, and though she had one or two narrow escapes, including an encounter with a charging rhinoceros, she found the animals much less ferocious than she had been led to expect. With Ylla's photographs goes a well-informed commentary on the twenty-five species of animals in the volume by L. S. B. Leakey. Mr. Leakey, who was born and bred among the Kikuyu, is a considerable expert on East African animals, and is at present Curator of the Coryndon Museum at Nairobi. His commentaries include a large number of personal reminiscences of his encounters with the animals, and the reader gets some idea of the simplicity and natural goodness of even the fiercest beasts.

Most of the wild life in East Africa can to-day only survive in reservations or National Parks, where they are safe from native hunters and foreign sportsmen. The National Parks, Mr. Leakey is careful to point out, are not huge zoos where the animals live in semi-captivity. They are merely immense areas of land prohibited to hunters, in which the animals are at liberty to lead free and independent lives, even to the extent of leaving the reservations. But judging from the pictures and the accounts in this book, shooting game with the camera can be quite as rewarding—and as dangerous—as the shooting with a rifle.

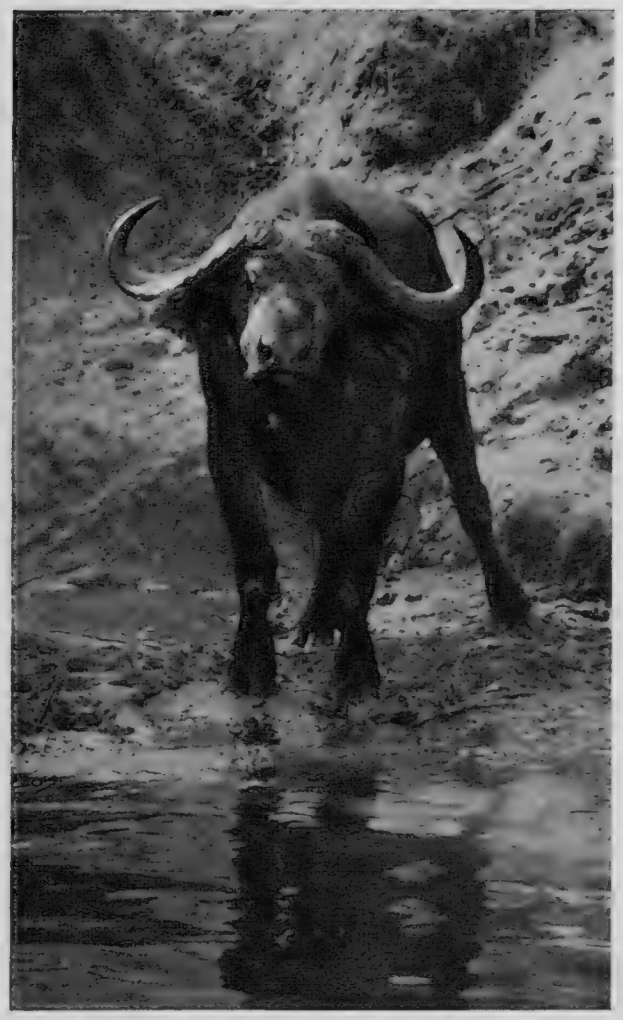
INSTINCTIVELY PRETENDING TO BE DEAD TO PROTECT ITSELF : A new-born Thomson gazelle, when it was still moist from birth. The gazelle instinctively pretended to be dead to protect itself from the strangers.



HIPPOS SCRAMBLING FOR COVER : At the approach of human beings these hippopotami at the Kazinga Channel would pull themselves out of the shallow water in which they pass the time of day and scramble out on to the shore. If they were approached early in the morning, they simply submerged.

SIESTA FOR TWO CROCODILES IN UGANDA : These animals on the Victoria Nile, near Murchison, lie motionless in the sun for hours on end. But though they look clumsy they can move extremely fast. Crocodiles are now seen only rarely in their native haunts, and then usually in a protected area like a National Park. Their skins are valuable, and the incessant hunt after them by Europeans and natives has made these animals, which are still very dangerous, more cautious about being seen by man.

A TERRIFYING MOMENT AS A RHINOCEROS CHARGES : On the level ground of a dried-out salt lake this rhinoceros charged a car and its occupants at a speed of about 25 miles an hour, but the car was too fast for him. His horn—this one is about 40 ins. long—is of great value to native hunters. Like the white rhino of South Africa, this black species is threatened with extinction unless protected by reserves and National Parks.

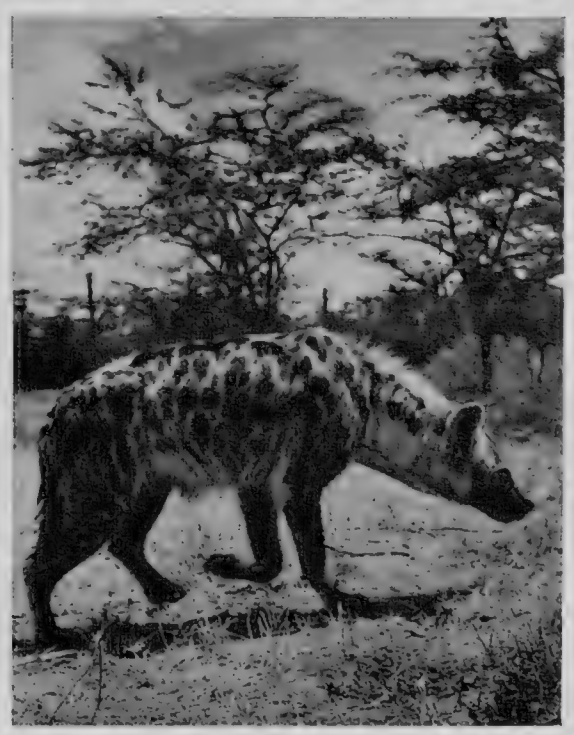


THE OLD BUFFALO WHO WENT DRINKING BY HIMSELF : An unusually close-up view of a buffalo drinking at the Kazinga Channel. Though they are wild and dangerous when wounded, buffaloes have a strangely docile look.

LIONS LEAD A CHARMING DOMESTIC LIFE : The lioness is playful, almost kittenish, while the lion tries to look dignified under the lens of the camera. This charming study at the Masai Reserve illustrates the affectionate family life which lions enjoy. The traditional man-eating lion is very much an exception in East Africa.

A THOMSON GAZELLE AND ITS BABY : These are the smallest of the true gazelles in East Africa, and are also the commonest. "Tommies," which are named after the East African explorer Joseph Thomson, make charming pets.

AN EAST AFRICAN ELEPHANT DISPLAYS ITS GLEAMING TUSKS : This fine elephant at Amboseli carries tusks probably weighing less than 100 lb. apiece.



ONE OF THE LEAST ATTRACTIVE OF EAST AFRICA'S WILD ANIMALS : The spotted hyena, common on the plains, seldom has a good coat, and is often very mangy.

OSTRICHES ON THE EAST AFRICAN PLAINS : A herd of ostriches seem to survey the world with equanimity. They are nowadays seldom hunted, and seem to be on the increase.

OUR BIRDS FIND A CHAMPION

A Bill Has Been Introduced in Parliament to Revise the Present System of Bird Protection in Britain

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RECENTLY—on November 17 to be precise—Viscount Templewood, in the House of Lords, moved the second reading of the Protection of Birds Bill. And a most interesting—and revealing—debate ensued.

Lord Templewood's Bill proposes the repeal of no fewer than twenty-six Acts of Parliament, some of which date back to the beginning of the reign of George III, and also the repeal of no fewer than 250 regulations and orders, many of which are quite out of date and many of which are contradictory.

And high time, too. I think that I am right in saying that there are at present nine or ten Wild Birds' Protection Acts in force in this country. And there are dozens and dozens of regulations in force under these Acts relating to different counties and county boroughs. It is commonly said that the law at present is involved. It is very much more than that: it is chaotic.

The present system is known as the white list system. Under this system there is a list of birds which are protected. Birds not on this list can be said to be unprotected. Actually, it is much more complicated than that, especially when you come to predatory birds. Some of these are (in some parts of the country, but not in others) protected throughout the year, even from owners and occupiers on their own land: some (again in some parts of the country, but not in others) are protected throughout the year, but not against owners or occupiers on their own land: some (with the same proviso) are totally protected (that is, even against owners and occupiers on their own land) during the breeding season, but not during the rest of the year; some (again with the same proviso) are protected during the nesting season, but not against owners or occupiers on their own land: in some parts of the country, but not in others, the eggs of certain birds are protected.

If that paragraph appears to you to be complicated, please do not blame me. Blame our legislators. I have done my best to simplify it, and I have probably over-simplified it.

For some years before the outbreak of the Second World War some people were pressing for the abolition of the white list system and for the substitution of a black list. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has for many years supported the idea—indeed, it probably originated in the Society's offices—that there should be two black lists: one for birds that can be shot for food, but which need protection during the breeding season and until the young are able to fly; the other for birds which do not need any protection at all. Birds not on one or other of these black lists would be protected throughout the year. It seemed likely, just before war broke out, that a Bill on these lines would be put before Parliament.

Lord Templewood's Bill is on these lines. It will, if it becomes law, do away with the present system altogether. And that will be a very good thing. It will do away with all the endless local regulations. It will do away with the lists (varying from county to county) of birds that may not be killed. In fact, it will do away with the white list. It will start with one broad prohibition—that all wild birds are protected. There will, of course, be exceptions to this broad prohibition. And these exceptions will form the black lists.

The Bill received support from all quarters of the House, and Lord Lloyd, Under-Secretary, Home Office, said that the Government welcomed the Bill and would do all they could to assist it in the later stages. Certainly, it will receive the support of all thinking countrymen as it will of ornithologists and naturalists.

But the debate produced one or two very interesting and revealing points. Lord Templewood admitted that his Bill contained a number of compromises. The chief of these concerned birds'-nesting. There are many people in this country who do not approve of birds'-nesting, who disapprove very strongly of egg-collecting altogether. The egg-collector has been blamed for the extinction of a number of our rare birds as nesting species. There has been a tremendous amount of propaganda about egg-collectors, and particularly professional egg-collectors, and the harm that they do. And it was, indeed, stated baldly during this debate that the professional egg-collector is the worst enemy of our rare nesting birds.

But, even if that is true, you cannot take steps to stop the activities of the professional egg-collector or any other egg-collector without taking steps against birds'-nesting as a whole. Hence the compromise. Birds'-nesting is primarily the pursuit of the young. A complete ban on birds'-nesting would operate against children more than anybody else, and it would be very difficult indeed to enforce. I must admit that I find the mind picture of a stout local constable hiding in a thorn bush on a hot summer's day in order to catch little Willie in the act of raiding a hedge-sparrow's nest very attractive. But there can be no doubt that he could be better employed elsewhere. And the Home Office have very wisely taken the view that it would not be a good thing to have the local police spending their time in spring and early summer running in boys and girls for taking the eggs of sparrows and thrushes and blackbirds. Nobody wants to prosecute little children. The public would not stand for it anyway.

So the Bill lists birds in different classes. In the first list are birds whose eggs are completely protected. It is an offence to take any of these eggs, and there are heavy penalties for doing so. There is also a provision which makes it illegal to sell any egg, and this should help to kill one of the chief temptations.

But there can be no doubt that this compromise is not quite what it might be. Only the eggs of certain birds are protected, and in fact, protection has been removed from the eggs of many birds which under the present regulations are protected at least in some parts of the country. Moreover, if a new bird nests in Britain—that is to say, if a bird that has not hitherto nested in Britain should suddenly decide to do so—then the eggs of that bird will not be protected.

The egg side of the problem is very difficult indeed. It may well be a problem that will defy solution.

A good deal of stress was laid on the egg-collecting side of the problem during the debate. Lord Templewood—or so it seems from a reading of his speech—does not much like the compromise he put forward and would have liked to go further in the matter of birds'-nesting. And here we get the crux of the whole matter. It is all a question of where your particular interests lie.

Lord Templewood said that he wished to do nothing to stop legitimate wildfowling. He admitted that some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent wildfowling. He maintained that it was a sport that brought out the real interest in a country and led to a real knowledge of the habits of birds. How heartily do I agree with him. I think that there are few sports to compare with it.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON: This extremely speedy and graceful bird is, under present laws, not protected, for it harms pigeons and game birds. These pictures are by Eric Hosking.

On left—
THE FAR-FROM-COMMON BULLFINCHES: Though these birds are, in some parts of the country, fairly rare, they are not protected. Fruit farmers consider that they damage their trees.

But a great many people never have the chance of wildfowling, and a great many people simply cannot see any reason at all why curlew and whimbrel, ruff and turnstone and dunlin should be shot. The Earl of Haddington, in fact, said during the debate that he was sorry to see that birds like that were to be protected only during the breeding season. He would like to see them protected at all times.

And a great many people have, in fact, had some of the happiest times of their lives birds'-nesting, have developed a great interest in the country so doing, and have acquired a great knowledge of the habits in so doing. The Earl of Ilchester, who was Chairman of a Home Office Advisory Committee on this problem, admitted that he collected eggs as a boy, had a good collection, and learnt a lot from them.

I am not an egg-collector. I used to collect eggs as a boy, and I suppose that almost every country boy does. I certainly learnt a good deal about birds that way. But I have not collected eggs since my school-days. I have no brief for the egg-collector as such, but I must say that I think that a great deal of nonsense is talked about egg-collectors and egg-collecting. I think, too, that a good deal of the sustained attack on egg-collectors is but a smoke-screen to hide more deadly activities.

I do not believe that the extinction of any single species as a nesting bird in Britain can be attributed to the egg-collector. It is true that the egg-collector may be the straw that breaks the camel's back, but that is a very different matter. I believe that it is true that a collector got the last osprey's egg ever laid in this country, but it was not the egg-collector who reduced the osprey to just one breeding pair. It was the gamekeeper.

In the same way, it was certainly not the egg-collector who reduced the kite population to a few pairs in a remote Welsh valley. It is true that the remnant survives because they are very jealously guarded. No egg-collector can get near the nests. A few eggs are hatched each year—some time ago fifty-three eggs were imported from Spain and thirty-one of these were hatched (in buzzards' nests) and the young were observed in the nests—and I believe that on an average about two young kites leave the valley every autumn. But the numbers do not increase. The young kites just disappear. The egg-collectors do not have them—in fact, the egg-collectors would very much like them to settle down and breed—and the inference is that somebody shoots them.

It is true that the egg-collector may sometimes get the last egg. But it is as well to remember that a dead bird cannot lay an egg.

Quite apart from the question of egg-collecting, there is certain to be a very great divergence of opinion as to which birds ought to figure on the black list. Lord Jowitt, in the course of a speech full of common sense and wisdom, noticed that the golden eagle was protected while the peregrine falcon was not. The peregrine falcon does a certain amount of damage to pigeons and to game birds, but it is far from common and it certainly seems strange that it should be "black-listed." But, even in Lord Jowitt's speech, there was evidence of the blinding power of personal preference. Lord Jowitt, I gather, is a fly-fisherman. He has shot a goosander and found its crop full of young trout. He would like the peregrine off the black list and the goosander on. But there have been trout in British rivers for thousands of years, and for just about as long there have been goosanders to take young trout. The goosander does not harm a trout-fishery to any material extent—and nor for that matter does a heron. What does harm trout-fisheries is pollution from factories. You would not really improve a trout stream if you shot every goosander in the country.

Again, on the black list is the bullfinch. The fruit farmers, it would seem, have been busy. Perhaps, in some areas, the bullfinch is a harmful bird. I do not know. I do know that it is far from common in some areas. Personally, I love bullfinches. They are not what could be called common around my home, and when they arrive they certainly do not spare my fruit blossom. My neighbour, who has many fruit trees, entertains these bullfinches for some time each spring, much to her disgust. Each year she complains bitterly that she will have no fruit, and later each year she wants to know if I am in need of fruit because she has too much. If all the bullfinches are killed because they are black-listed some other blossom-destroyer would take their place.

This Bill is a vast improvement on all the existing laws. It is the best Bill we have yet had. And it will no doubt be greatly improved in Committee. Perhaps it is as good a Bill as we shall ever get in a country where there are so many opposing interests. But no matter how good it is, it will be very difficult to enforce so long as people are ignorant about birds. The egg-collector may be fined, when caught; the poor wildfowler may be fined for killing a lesser white-fronted goose by mistake. But the real problem, which is the protection of our birds from harm, will remain. For what really harms bird life, what really makes this bird rare and that one extinct are such things as the drainage of marshes, the building of towns on what was once open country, the spread of urbanisation and mechanisation. Progress, in fact.

BIRDS AT BAY

Some Bird Pictures from the Current Exhibition of Nature Photographs in London which the Royal Photographic Society has Organized to Mark its Centenary

COURTSHIP OF THE WANDERING ALBATROSS: Niall Rankin's photograph exhibited at the exhibition of nature photography. There are more than 500 exhibits, covering a large variety of Natural History subjects. No fewer than ninety-one photographers from all over the world are represented.

As part of their centenary celebrations, the Royal Photographic Society is holding an exhibition of nature photography at their London headquarters in Princes Gate.

The first nature photographs were taken some sixty years ago, and it is interesting to note that the equipment used by many of the photographers of to-day has changed very little from that employed in those early days. Miniature and other modern cameras are used for certain special purposes, but it is largely upon the older models that most nature photographers rely for their best result. The present exhibition is proof of the breadth and variety of the nature photographer's interests.

SHORT-EARED OWL: This photograph by G. K. Yeates depicts a bird that visits Great Britain chiefly in the winter. The short-eared owl usually breeds in the North of England and in Scotland, where it nests on the ground on the moors.

ERIC HOSKING'S PICTURE OF A LITTLE OWL WITH FIELD-MOUSE: It shows the owl at one of its most vital tasks—the collection of food. Owls feed mainly on small rodents.

AVOCET AND CHICK: Stuart G. Smith's photograph of the avocet, which nests among the marshes of East Anglia. Its most remarkable features are the upturned beak and the beautiful jet-black and snowy-white markings. At one time it was almost extinct.

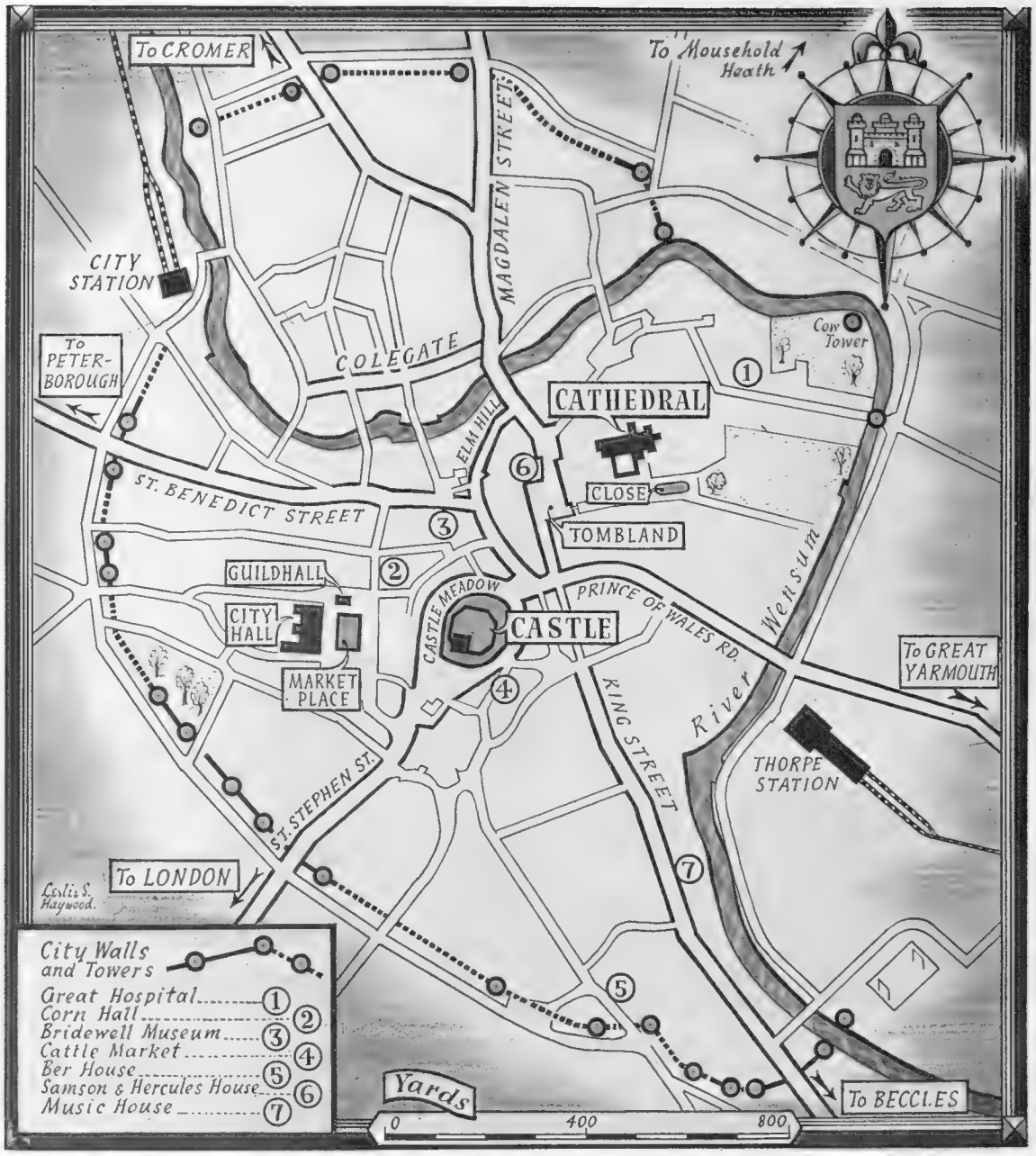
REED-WARBLERS: This exhibit by K. J. Carlson shows the waterside bird in typical surroundings. The reed-warbler makes its nest among reeds and sings through the night.

A BLACK-WINGED STILT APPROACHES ITS NEST: This picture by Walter E. Higham was taken in the Rhône Delta. Besides birds, photographs of nearly all features of animal and plant life are shown at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

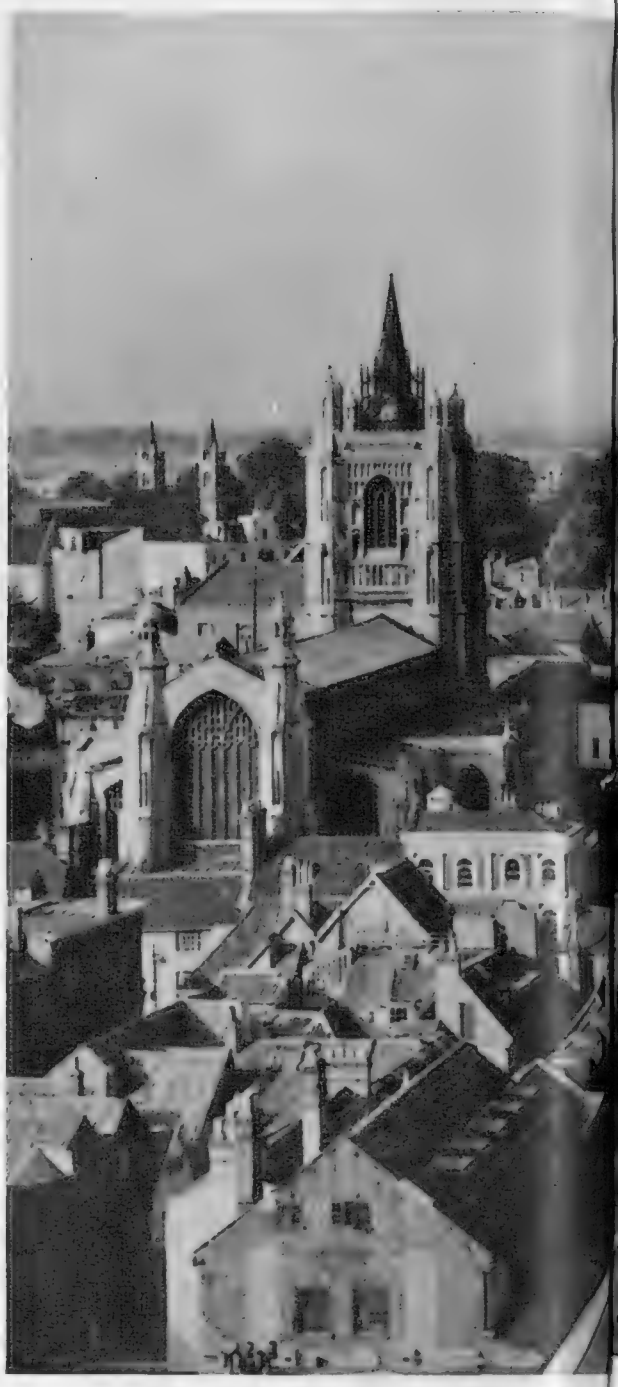
On right—

J. T. FISHER'S STUDY OF A KINGFISHER: The most beautiful of all British wild birds, the common kingfisher, with its greenish-blue plumage and deep-blue tail, flashes in the sunlight like an emerald.

FLAMINGOES AT NESTS: Another photograph, by G. K. Yeates, at the exhibition of nature photography at Princes Gate.



NORWICH, THE CITY ON THE WENSUM: In this drawing Leslie S. Haywood shows some of the principal thoroughfares of the city, with the castle on its great mound as the centrepiece. The castle houses one of the finest museums in Britain, with many notable examples of the Norwich School of Painting accommodated in the Colman Galleries. Norwich was heavily raided by the Luftwaffe on two occasions in April 1942.



NORWICH, THE HEART OF EAST ANGLIA

It is Not Only a Very Beautiful Cathedral City, But Also the Industrial Capital of a Great Agricultural Province

By ERIC FOWLER

HERALDIC POMP AMID A FLORAL SETTING: One of the symbolic lions outside the City Hall at Norwich, with the Guildhall seen in the background. In this city of gardens it will be noted that even the lamp-posts are adorned with baskets of flowers. Every summer these decorations are carried out in all the central streets.

NORWICH, with its Norman cathedral and castle, its thirty-one pre-Reformation churches, narrow medieval streets, stately houses and magnificent trees and gardens, is one of the most historic and beautiful cities of England. But by virtue of its thirty shoe factories, its big engineering works, food and packing industries and insurance offices, its great agricultural market and thriving shops, Norwich is also one of the most industrious cities of its size in the country.

It is an extraordinary mixture of old and new, and out of the proceeds of its industrious present it conserves and adorns, as few other English manufacturing towns have contrived to do, the evidence of its historic past. The population is 121,000, which is small as modern cities go, but close on 500,000 people in the fertile and now prosperous agricultural counties of Norfolk and Suffolk look to Norwich as a capital. It is still to-day the provincial metropolis that the Norman bishop, Herbert de Losinga, made it when in 1094 he transferred the seat of his diocese from Thetford, the old Saxon capital of East Anglia, to Norwich, and founded his splendid cathedral on the meadowlands of the River Wensum, twenty miles from the sea.

Norwich was one of many cathedral cities which suffered during the war, most notably during the Baedeker raids of April 1942. Since the war the city has built more than 5,000 houses, fine schools and a great new municipal college. Its craftsmen are engaged in an extraordinary variety of light industries. Yet it retains the characteristics of a cathedral city and a country market. It is still the city of gardens; and every summer all the central streets are adorned with flowers.

Norwich originated as a Saxon town straggling along the river-side. De Losinga, building his cathedral in the midst of it, was able to ship the white stone of Caen, in Normandy, direct to the site. But the Norman earl, Ralph de Guader, caused a huge earthen mound to be thrown up on higher ground above the Saxon

NORWICH NEW AND OLD—A PANORAMA OF THE CITY TAKEN FROM THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE NORMAN CASTLE: The City Hall, which was opened by King George VI in 1938, rises above the jumble of roofs of the old city. On the right is the early fifteenth-century Guildhall, and on the left is the parish church of St. Peter Mancroft. On the skyline is the massive, modern Gothic tower of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, built to the design of George Gilbert Scott and John Oldrin Scott.

THE GEORGIAN ASSEMBLY HOUSE IS ONE OF THE CITY'S ARCHITECTURAL GEMS: *Left*—An exterior view of the building, which dates from 1755. It stands between two wings of a Jacobean mansion. The simple front conceals an interior of great dignity. *Right*—The pillared foyer. The building has been magnificently restored since the war by one of the city's leading manufacturers, Mr. H. V. Sexton, and presented by him to the city for use as an Arts Centre. The Assembly House is now the meeting-place of more than 100 local societies. Since it was reopened three years ago, the Queen, Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother have all been entertained there.

settlement, and fortified it. The castle mound, with the massive stone keep which was built on it in the twelfth century, still dominates the view of the city, and beneath it, in Norman times, there grew up what was called the New Burgh. The result is that Norwich at the present day first confronts the stranger as a traffic problem, for it did not grow round one centre, but two, and the old Saxon and the new Norman town were not linked by any main artery, but by a maze of streets.

Nobody until the present century wanted to drive through the city. It represented not a stage, but the end of a journey. For from the eleventh century until the beginning of the nineteenth, Norwich was almost isolated from the rest of England. Eastward and northward was the sea, and forty miles to the westward lay the Fens. Southward, 120 miles of bad roads separated Norwich from London. Much of its commerce with the rest of the country went by sea, through the port of Yarmouth, and it probably had a closer affinity with Flanders and the Netherlands than with the West or the North of England. Nevertheless, it prospered in its seclusion.

From the fourteenth to the eighteenth century East Anglia was a sort of handicraft equivalent of modern industrial Yorkshire or Lancashire, and Norwich was its heart. It was the greatest centre in the country of the weaving industry, and in the time of the first Queen Elizabeth was the second or third city of England after London. Only Bristol rivalled it in wealth and population. Before the Reformation it supported sixty churches—thirty-one of which survive to the present day—and there were also four great monastic establishments.

The foundation of this prosperity was sheep-farming, allied to the combined skills of Flemish and English hand-weavers. In the first half of the fourteenth century Edward III's queen, Philippa of Hainault, brought weavers from her own country to introduce their manufactures to England, and the work so prospered in Norwich that the beginning of the next century found the city, with rising burgher independence, governed by its Mayor and Corporation of great merchants from the beautiful Guildhall of patterned flintwork that still stands beside the market-place—though now overshadowed by the big new City Hall built in 1938. On the other side of the market-place, above a sea of coloured canvas stalls, stands the splendid civic church of St. Peter Mancroft, with its huge bell tower, built by those same great merchants in 1455. For in that troubled period, when England was torn and impoverished by the Wars of the Roses, Norwich was so strong and wealthy behind its walls that pious citizens were able to rebuild its parish churches in the

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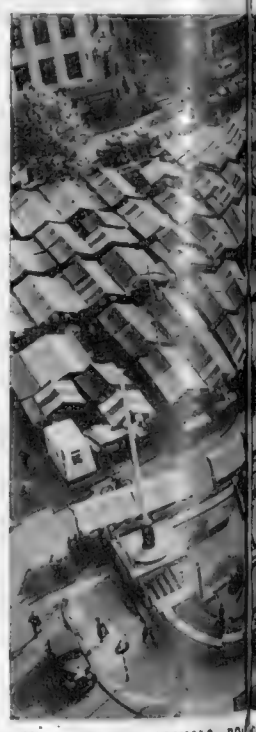
NORWICH: THE HEART OF EAST ANGLIA

A TYPICAL NORWICH ALLEYWAY: Norwich is a shopping centre for country people from forty miles around. Many of the shops are in alleys closed to wheeled traffic, an ancient idea, but one that conforms with modern town-planning practice, as witness the new shopping precinct in Coventry. This picture shows Davey Place, which leads from the market-place to Castle Meadow. In the background is the Norman Castle, now the city's principal museum and art gallery.

GABLED HOUSES IN ELM HILL, THE MOST CELEBRATED OF THE OLD STREETS OF NORWICH: The entire street is composed of picturesque old buildings, many of which are possibly not very different in appearance from what they were in Shakespeare's day.

THE SAILING-BOAT POND AND PLAYING FIELDS IN THE 80-ACRE EATON PARK: Norwich has twenty-five public parks, covering 566 acres. An enthusiastic model-yacht club uses the pond.

ANCIENT AND MODERN IN KING STREET: The tall building in the background is Morgan's new brewery, which has been completed since the war. There are four big breweries in Norwich, all brewing beer from the celebrated Norfolk barley.



THE STRIPED-CANVAS RO... MARKET-PLACE: This ... the City Hall. In ...

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wonderful, light Perpendicular style which is their grand feature to-day.

About 1570 Queen Elizabeth I encouraged another influx of skilled Flemish and Walloon craftsmen into Norwich. Protestant refugees from the Spanish persecution in the Netherlands, they originally had permission to come in hundreds, but eventually they settled in thousands. They taught Norwich how to make new and lighter fabrics, and cunningly to interweave wool and silk. The city is still full of the round or crow-stepped brick gables of their building. Their names, Anglicised, are still borne by Norwich citizens. They are credited with having introduced the famous Norwich canaries, which were bred by the weavers in their garrets, and sang to the rattle of the looms. Finally, the Strangers, as they were called, are believed to have implanted in the city its love of flowers and gardens. Hundreds of years ago it was described as "a city in an orchard." In the present it is still justly known as "the city of gardens," for it has 566 acres of public parks, and gardens everywhere.

The fresh impetus the arts of the Strangers gave to the Norwich manufactures lasted until the Industrial Revolution. The elegant and lovely Assembly House, built in 1755, was erected in the sunset glow of the city's medieval prosperity.

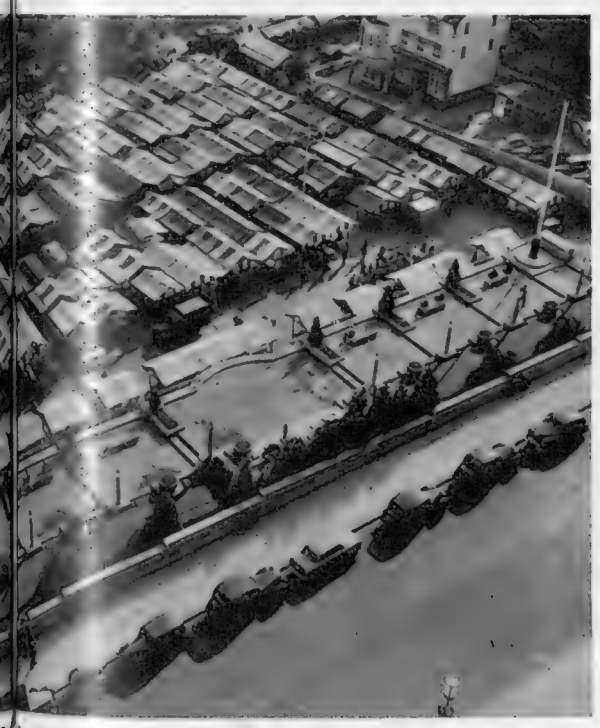
The Norwich weavers never recovered the trade they lost during the Napoleonic Wars. Obstinately conservative, they clung to their hand processes while the power looms of the North outstripped them. The middle years of the nineteenth century were a period of miserable poverty, for the staple industry which had supported the city for 500 years slowly flickered out. Yet it is perhaps to that dire depression that the city owes the salvation of its beauty. The Gradgrinds of Norwich lacked the means to rebuild and uglify it.

But the city had either to find new occupations for its craftsmen or sink into a small market town surrounded by the ruins of past glories. It discovered in its adversity men of extraordinary vision and enterprise. The first signs of hope were perceptible not in industry, but in commerce. Thomas Bignold set himself up in business in Norwich at the end of the eighteenth century as a wine merchant, and then had the idea of founding among his fellow tradesmen mutual fire and life insurance societies. His son, who became Sir Samuel Bignold, was a man of financial genius. He nurtured the Norwich Union Societies into national concerns, and under his descendants they spread abroad until to-day their headquarters in Norwich employs a staff of 1,300.

There were, moreover, the Quaker merchants and philanthropists, the Gurneys, who founded in Norwich in the eighteenth century a bank which was to become one of the principal elements in the evolution of Barclay's as one of the "big five" joint stock banks. And even if industry was depressed, farming flourished; for the experiments of "Turnip Townshend" at Raynham and "Coke of Norfolk" at Holkham made East Anglia the granary of England, and Norwich, as the market centre, participated in the benefits.

Curiously enough, in a period of industrial distress, there arose in Norwich an artistic phenomenon—a great local school of painting. John Crome (1768-1821) and John Sell Cotman (1782-1842) painted with genius the old city in decay, the peaceful countryside and the sea-coast around them. A whole group of landscape painters formed itself round these two masters, and found a modest patronage among the rising professional and commercial class in Norwich and Norfolk. But recognition of the work of the Norwich School as one of the grand achievements of English painting did not come until many years afterwards. That it did so is

THE RIVER PORT OF NORWICH : A coaster coming up the River Wensum into the heart of industrial Norwich. On the skyline towards the right is the Cathedral. The Norfolk Broads lie only a few miles from Norwich, and quite a few people start their cruising holidays from the pretty riverside suburb of Thorpe St. Andrew.



OF THE STALLS MAKE A COLOURFUL SCENE IN THE picture was taken looking down from the Clock Tower of the foreground is seen the Garden of Remembrance.

IN THE CROME GALLERY : This is part of the Colman Collection in the Norwich Castle Galleries. Norwich in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries had its own school of landscape painting led by John Crome and John Sell Cotman. The city appropriately enough possesses the finest collection of their work in the country.

A FLEMISH GABLE : Norwich is full of gables like this one at the old Adam and Eve Tavern in Bishopsgate. They are attributed to the refugees from the Netherlands who settled in Norwich.

due in some measure to the unique collection begun by a great Victorian industrialist and philanthropist, Jeremiah James Colman, and vastly amplified by his son Russell. The Colman Collection, bequeathed to the city by the late Russell Colman during the Second World War, and now housed in galleries specially built for it at the Castle Museum, is one of the glories of Norwich.

But Norwich owes much more to the Colmans. They were pioneers of a great change and revival of local industry, and they were reformers whose influence, exercised over the greater part of the past century, altered the whole life of the city for the better. They began as a family of country millers, who discovered a world market for mustard. The business outgrew the village of its origin, and in 1854 J. J. Colman moved it to Norwich, where the mustard, flour and starch mills eventually occupied three-quarters of a mile of river-front to the south-east of the city, and employed more than 2,000 people. What was even more important was that the Colmans inculcated, both by example and precept, ideas of industrial welfare, education and social reform which were like a breath of new life to the impoverished Norwich of the mid-century.

One of the practical developments they sponsored, as early as 1890, was an electricity works that grew into a prosperous municipal undertaking which in the '20's and '30's cleansed Norwich of industrial smoke, and was also a pioneer in the supply of electricity to rural districts. Moreover, the early electrification of the city was carried out by a local firm of engineers, Laurence and Scott's, which through the inventiveness of its principals came to specialise in marine electrical engineering, and is now a great concern employing 3,000 hands. A big structural engineering concern, Boulton and Paul's, which now employs 2,000 people, began with the enterprise of two local ironmongers, who set some of the unemployed weavers to work at weaving wire-netting. And the manufacture of chocolate, Christmas crackers and mineral waters started with a shopkeeper bottling mineral waters in his cellar.

So did a depressed area of the 1840's rehabilitate itself by the enterprise and skill of its own citizens. But neither milling nor engineering was to become the new staple industry of the city. That place was reserved for the boot and shoe industry which, like weaving, started in the homes of the workpeople. Moreover, the Norwich turnshoe, as it was called, demanded a

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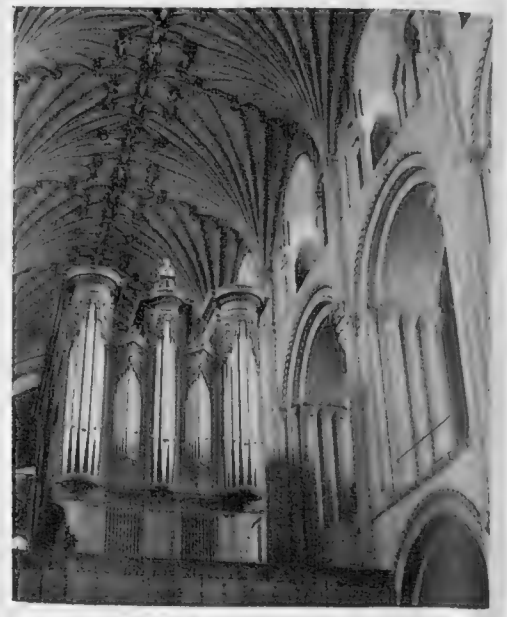
NORWICH: THE HEART OF EAST ANGLIA

PULL'S FERRY, WITH THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND: This is one of the most famous of all views of Norwich. The view shows with great clarity the tall Clerestory of the Choir and the fine South Transept.



A RICH TRACERY IN STONE: This is part of the wonderful Norman Nave of Norwich Cathedral, with its fifteenth-century Lierne Vault studded with sculptured bosses. The beautiful organ-case has been built since the end of the war.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN THE MACHINE AGE: Mr. H. J. Sexton (right), of Sexton Son and Everard Ltd., inspecting one of the shoes specially made in Norwich for export to fashion houses in the United States. Mr. Sexton is one of the leading manufacturers.

THE HOME OF MERCHANT PRINCES: The magnificent Carolean staircase of the Strangers' Hall in Charing Cross, Norwich. Now a folk museum, the Strangers' Hall is the finest of the several great mansions remaining in the city of Norwich.

THE EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GUILDHALL: The City Council met in this building continuously from 1413 until 1938, when the new City Hall was completed. The Guildhall, which stands beside the market-place, is built mainly of flint and has a fine front.

A MODERN CRAFTSMAN OF NORWICH: Mr. Howard Brown in his workshop in the Cathedral Close, where he carries on the magnificent tradition of the Norwich silversmiths. This tradition is reflected in the plate made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for Norwich Corporation and for the city churches.

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similar handicraft skill, since it was so fine and supple that it was made inside-out, and turned after it had been sewn together. The factory system developed from 1890 onwards, but hand-sewn turnshoe-making was not entirely replaced by machine processes until after 1918. Then the Norwich factories enjoyed a post-war boom—because of short skirts. For short skirts created a popular demand for light, decorative shoes, which the skill and artistry of the Norwich workers were specially fitted to supply. In spite of the ensuing slump, the city became, as it still is, the chief centre in the country of the manufacture of women's and children's footwear.

In 1942 Norwich suffered two of Hitler's Baedeker raids. Not only were five ancient churches destroyed, but thousands of houses were damaged, and the city lost more than a third of its factory space. But immediately after the war marvels of rebuilding were accomplished, and the end of it was a shoe industry better accommodated and equipped than ever before, making a great export drive in American and Dominion markets. To-day more than 8,000 people are employed in the Norwich shoe trade, turning out 7,000,000 pairs of shoes a year from thirty factories.

A great deal of the industry is still within the ancient heart of the city, so that you find factories shaded by the trees of green churchyards, and standing cheek by jowl with the gabled houses in which Elizabethan weavers worked at their looms. A characteristic view of Norwich is that of Princes Street, with Elizabethan and Jacobean houses on one side of it, the wall of a modern shoe factory rising like a glass cliff on the other side, and the tower of a fifteenth-century church closing the perspective.

But there are still hand craftsmen at work in the old streets. In the Close, for instance, there is a successor to the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century silversmiths of Norwich—great craftsmen by virtue of whose artistry the Corporation possesses some of the finest insignia and plate outside London. Or in a back lane there are a father and son who are specialists in the restoration of ancient painted-glass windows, and who delight to show you in the east window of St. Peter Mancroft, the work of a Norwich school of glass painters of the fifteenth century, as distinctive as the Norwich school of landscape painters of the nineteenth century.

From his parlour in the great new City Hall, opened by King George VI in 1938, the Lord Mayor looks out on a scene which might as well belong to a Continental capital as to England; for the open market-place below is full of flowers and crowded with stalls whose canvas tops are striped with all the colours of a country fair. In the crowded streets around it are the buildings of eight centuries, and the sound of St. Peter Mancroft's great peal of twelve bells rises above the roar of the traffic.

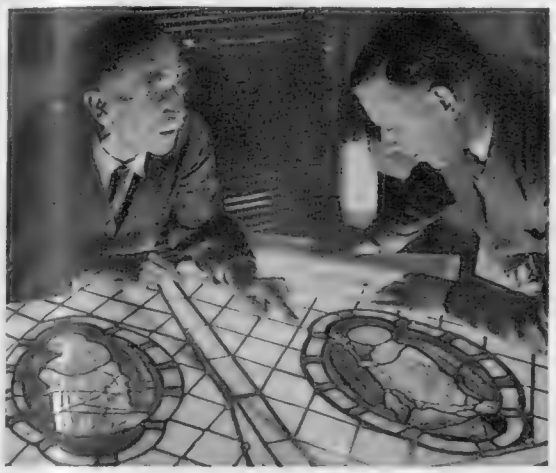
All the central streets and even alleyways are shopping streets, for Norwich is the shopping centre and market for more than twice its own population.

On left—

ANOTHER ANCIENT AND MODERN CONTRAST : The wall of Bally's modern shoe factory rises like a glass cliff on one side of Princes Street, while on the other there are Tudor houses and the flint tower of St. George's, Tombland.

On right—

IN THE LOWER CLOSE : A group of most attractive old houses in a quiet by-way in the Cathedral Close.



On left—

ARTISTS IN GLASS : Mr. George King and his son Dennis engaged in the reassembly of restored stained glass. From all parts of the country windows are sent to them for restoration. They were recently at work on some glass from the windows of Winchester College Chapel.

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE OF AUGUSTINE STEWARD IN TOMBLAND ALLEY : Steward was one of the merchant princes of Norwich in the sixteenth century. Through the archway can be seen the Erpingham Gateway and the west door of the Cathedral.

IN THE CATTLE RING AT NORWICH : Every Saturday buyers come to the cattle market, in the heart of the city, to make their bids for stock. Norwich is the centre of one of the great grain-producing areas of Britain.

On Saturdays, when the largest one-day-a-week cattle market in England is held in the very heart of the city, the streets are thronged with such numbers of country folk that the pedestrians overflow the pavements, right across the roadway, and traffic must needs move at a walking-pace.

Norwich is these people's capital city, and supports arts and recreations worthy of one. Apart from football and the cinemas, it has three live theatres—and one of these is the famous little Maddermarket, a reconstruction of an Elizabethan playhouse, in which The Norwich Players have performed the entire cycle of Shakespeare's plays. Every winter there is a season of symphony concerts in St. Andrew's Hall—the home of the historic Norfolk and Norwich Triennial Festival.

And the museums and art galleries are some of the finest in the provinces. They attract 300,000 visitors a year. These buildings and their treasures Norwich owes partly to a generous local tradition that those who prosper in the city put something back for its permanent enrichment. The Castle Museum owes the most splendid of its art galleries to the Colmans, and a great part of its famous natural history collections to the Gurneys. The Strangers' Hall, the mansion of a fifteenth-century merchant, which is now a folk museum, was the gift of a local solicitor, the late Leonard Bolingbroke, who furnished it with his own collection. The late Sir Henry Holmes was the donor of the Bridewell Museum of Local Industries, a building which was the home of the first Mayor of Norwich in 1403.

The most recent benefaction is that of another leading shoe manufacturer, Mr. H. J. Sexton, who since the war has restored the beautiful Georgian Assembly House, at a cost of between £60,000, and £70,000, and given it to a trust to be administered as an Arts Centre for the common enjoyment of the citizens. Since the bombing of the Bath Assembly Rooms, those at York are the only ones comparable to Norwich. But what is hardly less remarkable than the building is the use that has been made of it, for from the day of its opening three years ago the Assembly House has never been empty of people. No fewer than 100 artistic, musical, scientific and educational societies have made it their regular meeting-place, and have grown in membership because their people love meeting in these gracious rooms.

That is in many ways typical of Norwich. It is an ancient city, but it is an exceedingly live, busy and democratic one. Its old buildings are not dead buildings. They are brought in to play their part with their modern neighbours in an active present. As for the people, they are fine craftsmen, as their forefathers were, and possessed of an intense local patriotism. In the midst of urban industries and recreations they are still half-countrymen, for Norwich has never lost touch with its surrounding countryside. The country still comes into the city with the market each Saturday, and the citizen can get out into the country every day if he likes, because there is no part of the city that is more than a quarter of an hour's journey from green fields.

The "KISTA DAN" in the FAR SOUTH

A Danish Ship that is to be Used as a Base for an Australian Expedition to the Antarctic Next Year

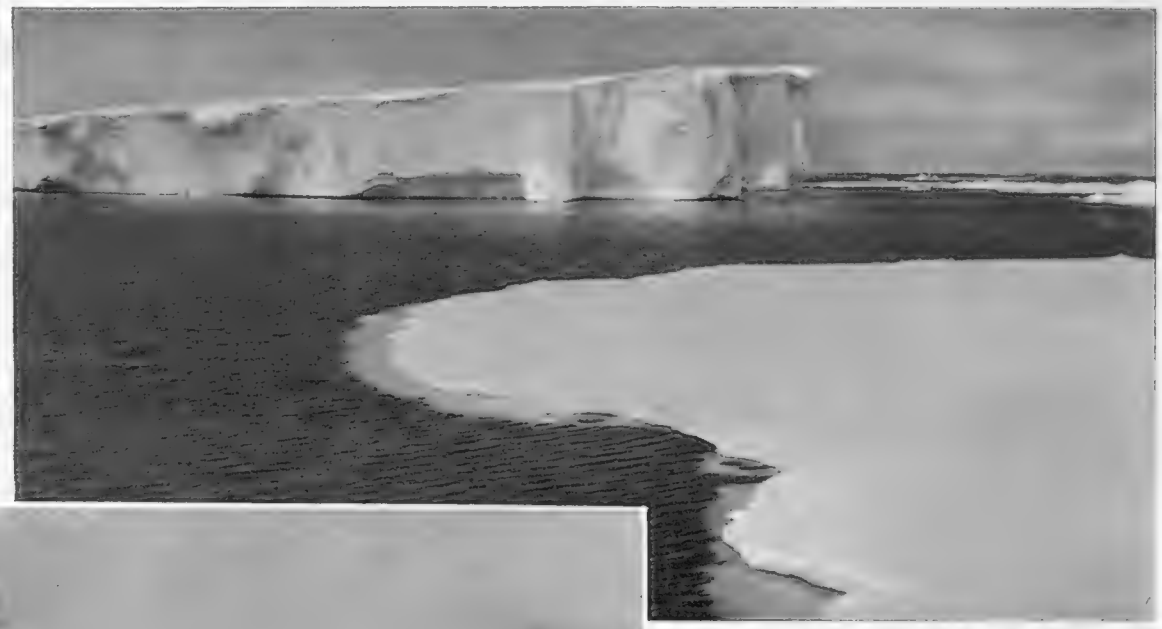
The *Kista Dan*, the Danish ship of 1,000 tons which has been chartered to carry the Australian expedition to the Far South early next year, has been specially constructed for work in Polar regions. She replaces the famous old Polar exploration ship the *Wyatt Earp*, which failed to penetrate the pack-ice during the Australian effort to establish a base on the Antarctic continent last year.

In Polar navigation, one of the greatest difficulties is to find a passage through the ice. Normally the crow's nest is used for this, serving as the "eyes" of the bridge. In Polar regions, however, the ice will sometimes move with surprising swiftness, encompassing the ship in a very short while. The Danes, who have had valuable experience in designing ships for Polar waters, have overcome most of the difficulties in navigating ice-packs, by incorporating in the crow's nest of the *Kista Dan* a duplicate set of the controls on the bridge. Thus the ship can be steered from the crow's nest as well as the bridge. During her trials in the Far South last year, the value of this novel feature proved itself many times. The fact that the helmsman had a clearer and wider view of the surrounding ice made the task of navigation much easier. Another novel feature, as far as Polar exploration

(*Continued below, on right*)

THE CROW'S NEST—ONE OF THE SPECIAL FEATURES INCORPORATED IN THE "KISTA DAN": Inside the crow's nest is a duplicated version of the bridge, which will enable the ship to be navigated from this position.

THE "KISTA DAN" IN ANTARCTIC WATERS — A DANISH-BUILT SHIP THAT WILL CARRY AN AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION TO THE FAR SOUTH NEXT MONTH: This ship, which incorporates many novel features, will be the base of a geological and geographical expedition into Antarctic waters led by Mr. Philip Law, the Director of the Australian National Antarctic Research Institute. It will be the most ambitious Australian expedition to Antarctic regions since that led by Sir Douglas Mawson from 1929-31.



THE DESOLATE BEAUTY OF THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS: This is a flat-topped iceberg and is typical of the scenery that will be encountered by the expedition during its stay in the south. The picture was taken from the *Kista Dan* during trials held in the Antarctic a year ago.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE "KISTA DAN" IN SOUTHERN WATERS LAST YEAR: During her trials the *Kista Dan* proved herself to be suitable for Antarctic navigation in every way. Some heavy pack-ice was encountered during the voyage, but the construction of the ship's hull and the controls in the crow's nest enabled this to be negotiated successfully.

(*Continued from above, on left*)

ships are concerned, is that every member of the expedition will have a separate cabin.

Among the equipment that will be carried in the *Kista Dan* for use by the expedition are a number of ski-mounted caravans that will be used as sleeping accommodation during the long sledge journeys that will be made over the Polar ice. These will be drawn by half-track vehicles, rather similar to those used by the Army in the desert. These trucks have been tested in Arctic Canada and in Lapland, where they were found to be suitable for the task in every way.

The main purpose of the expedition, which is to be led by Mr. Philip Law, the Director of the Australian National Antarctic Research Institute, is to make a preliminary geological survey of what are thought to be potentially valuable mineral-bearing areas. Geologists are of the opinion that certain parts of Australian Antarctic territories bear close geological resemblances to the Dominion's mainland between Broken Hill and Adelaide. If this is so, the area will be rich in uranium deposits, lead, silver, zinc, gold and other valuable raw materials. Also, the expedition will carry out cosmic and radio researches and marine biological work. It is hoped to establish a weather station which will be of great value to the whaling stations in the Antarctic, and which will also provide much data for future research.

The importance of the expedition has been pointed out by Mr. Casey, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, who has said: "It is important that this area lying so close to Australia's backdoor should remain under our control." Mr. Casey also reminded Australians that in the north civil air services were already operating across Polar regions, and that it might not be long before aircraft would be flying across the Antarctic between Australia and other countries in the Southern Hemisphere.

THE FAMOUS PONTE VECCHIO, THE ONLY BRIDGE IN FLORENCE WHICH WAS NOT DESTROYED DURING THE GREAT WAR : Both sides seemed reluctant to damage this bridge, but a great deal of damage was done in the vicinity, and of recent years there has been large-scale reconstruction. The Ponte Vecchio is lined with shops, and in them the traveller will find remarkable examples of Florentine craftsmanship. Other pictures on this page show flats, offices, shops and restaurants which have recently been completed in the vicinity of the bridge. Of the five destroyed bridges of Florence the most elaborate reconstruction has been that of the Ponte Alla Carraja. This has been rebuilt on the original foundations of 1218. The City of Verona suffered no less severely in regard to its bridges than did Florence during the Second World War, all six bridges across the Adige being wrecked by mines, and this despite the fact that Kesselring, the German commander, gave an assurance that they would be spared.

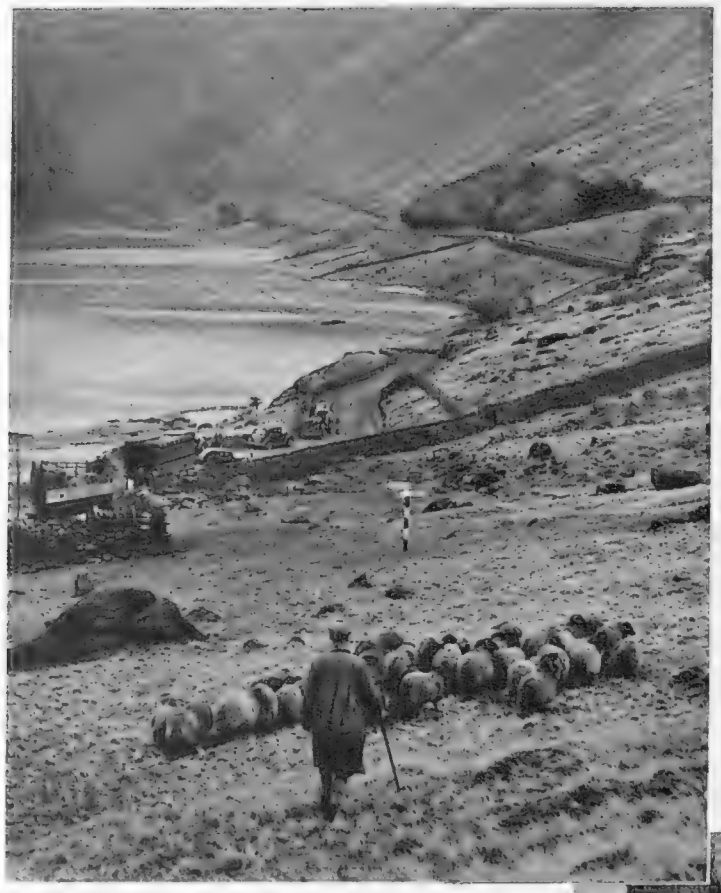
THE PONTE VECCHIO FROM THE NORTH-EAST ABUTMENT : Looking along the line of the ancient bridge to some of the repaired buildings which lie on the far bank.

RECONSTRUCTION ROUND THE PONTE VECCHIO

The Great Florentine Bridge Which Itself Escaped Damage at the Hands of the Germans

THE ARCADES ALONG THE BANKS OF THE RIVER ARNO, ON THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE PONTE VECCHIO : These were not destroyed, but many buildings close by were demolished by the retreating Germans. There was some damage to the near-by Uffigi Gallery.

THE RECONSTRUCTED SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE BRIDGE : New flats, offices, shops and restaurants rising above the Arno, along the banks of which so much war damage was done. *On left*—THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE BRIDGE SHOWING SOME RECONSTRUCTION WORK : In the foreground is rubble from a mined building at the bridge approach.



OVER THE HILLS TO THE MARDALE SHEPHERDS' MEET AT BAMPTON, NEAR SHAP, WESTMORLAND: Stray sheep arriving at the head of Haweswater, where lorries, provided by Manchester Corporation, wait to convey them to the annual Shepherds' Meet at Bampton. There they are sorted and claimed by the respective owners. Shepherds' Meets have been familiar to Lakeland farmers for many years, and, in addition to the "business side" of the gathering there is often a programme of other activities.

SHEEP BEING DRIVEN ALONG THE BANKS OF HAWESWATER: The level of the water was raised some twenty years ago when Manchester Corporation acquired the lake for use as a reservoir in connection with the city's water supply. There is a dam at the north end.

A VETERAN OF THE MARDALE MEET: Eighty-two-year-old Isaac Cookson, of Helton, near Shap, who has not missed a meet since 1891.

On left—
AT THE TROUTBECK SHEPHERDS' MEET: Art students seen making sketches at the sheep pens.

SHEPHERDS' MEET

The Annual Gathering at Bampton, in the Lake District, where Local Farmers Claimed Their Strayed Sheep

Late autumn and early winter are times of great activity among the Lakeland sheep farms, where the grazing grounds extend over the slopes of the fells and cover expanses of mountain and moor so large that the assessment is rather in acres per sheep than the other way round.

The breeding ewes were, of course, brought down to lower ground some weeks ago, and now the majority of hogs, i.e., last spring's lambs, and many of the shearlings have been taken away to winter in the more sheltered valleys to the east or on the salt marshes around Morecambe Bay, the estuary of the Duddon, or the Solway Firth.

This seasonal movement of the flocks is one of the features of Lakeland hill farming and has been going on for several centuries. And closely allied to it are the traditional shepherds' meets for the restoration of "strays" to their rightful owners.

It is, of course, only to be expected that in places where the sheep runs extend to heights of 2,000 ft. and more and cover such great expanses of unfenced open fell, that sheep should stray from one flock to another, and the shepherd or flock-master notices them when he brings his own animals down to the dale during these annual gatherings. At the same time, he will most likely have some of his own flock missing, wanderers that have strayed into neighbouring territories.

It was to obviate the enormous amount of rushing about that could be occasioned by returning these strays, that the sheep farming folk arranged various "collecting centres" in different parts of the Lake District to which these animals could be brought. As far back as 1790 there is a record of an agreement among the flockmasters of the Ullswater valley "to meet on St. Martin's Day to exchange their strayed sheep; each farmer bringing those which do not belong to him; no other expense is thought of, but the general one incurred by feasting on roast geese and ale."

One of the earliest of these shepherds' meets was that held on the watershed of the High Street range of mountains, 2,700 ft. up and to the east of the Kirkstone Pass road between Windermere and the head of Ullswater. Here, on these exposed mountain heights, not only strayed sheep were exchanged, but the hardy dales folk indulged in pony racing along the line of what is usually regarded as the highest Roman road in England, wrestling contests, and fox-hunting.

In 1841, however, a move was made to the inn near the summit of the Kirkstone Pass, some 500 ft. less in altitude, and thirty-seven years ago the meet was transferred to its present site at the Queen's Head Hotel, Troutbeck, on the Windermere side of the watershed, where, a few days ago, the pens in the hotel yard were filled with sheep awaiting collection.

Another offshoot of the High Street meet was one that took place each year at the Dun Bull Inn, in the mountain-girt village of Mardale, and which was submerged when the Manchester Corporation Waterworks authorities raised the level of Haweswater in order to turn it into a reservoir some twenty years ago. So popular did this annual gathering become that at one time gatherings of between 600 and 700 people were recorded there, and the programme included a hound trail, sheepdog trials and a clay pigeon shoot.

The disappearance of the village, however, caused another move, and in 1936 the meet was taken to less picturesque surroundings at Bampton, six miles down the dale, and there, this year, more than sixty sheep—the highest number for some time—were brought to the sorting pens at Bampton Hall.

To-day, many of the strays are brought to the meets by farm wagon, but at least one regular attender at Bampton has a long walk over the fells with his collection of strays. This is Tom Fishwick, who follows the tradition of his father by making the crossing of the Gatescarth Pass between his farm in Longsleddale and the head of the Haweswater Valley, a distance of six miles over unfenced wild fell country.

In recent weeks, too, there have been similar meets at Wylie Ghyll, beside the infant Caldew and in the heart of the country traditionally associated with the great John Peel; at Dockwray, between Ullswater and St. John's Vale; at Buttermere, and in other parts of the Lake Country.

It is, of course, obvious that there must be some system of identifying the strays, so every flock in the area has its own sheep mark—so many stripes and blobs (pops, as the dalesfolk call them) on the fleeces and notches on the horns and ears. As the same marks have been connected with the same farms for many generations, the majority of them are well known by now. If, however, there is any dispute, there is the famous *Shepherd's Guide*, dating from 1817 and revised by the late R. H. Lamb in 1937, to be consulted. This contains the markings of over 1,000 Lakeland flocks.

The shepherds' meets have their business side, but right from the commencement it has been customary for the local packs of fell foxhounds to meet in the vicinity on the same day. The Lakeland fell packs, which are followed entirely on foot, are mainly maintained by local farm folk. At the Troutbeck Meet, Anthony Chapman, member of a long line of Lakeland huntsmen, took the Coniston Foxhounds into the mists that overhung the near-by mountain slopes, and after a run in which all but the hardiest followers were outpaced, brought down his fox on the Ullswater side of the ridge. Meanwhile, Joe Wear and his Ullswater hounds at Bampton were able to bring off a couple of kills, although they, too, were handicapped by the mists.

No wonder that when huntsmen, followers and shepherds gathered together at the close of the day the old hunting songs of Lakeland were not forgotten. They sang not of John Peel, but of Joe Bowman (who killed over 2,000 foxes in an asociation with the Ullswater pack which lasted from 1879 to 1924); John Crozier, and other worthy huntsmen of these fell packs, whose great deeds invariably provide topic for song and story at the shepherds' meets.

Sydney Moorhouse

FARMERS AND SHEPHERDS MAKING THEIR CLAIMS AT THE PENS: They are here seen pointing out their own sheep following the round-up in the Lakeland hills.

SHIPWRECK AND STRIKE

A Tale of Recent Misfortunes on the Seas off Jutland and Cap Gris Nez, and the Effects of the Late Strike on the Dockyards at Sunderland

A POLISH TRAWLER RUNS ASHORE ON THE WEST COAST OF DENMARK: The trawler *Kania*, from Gdynia, buffeted by rough seas when it went aground in a heavy storm north of Hvide Sande, on the west coast of Jutland. The line from the ship was attached to an old German bunker on shore. Thirteen seamen and the ship's cat were hauled ashore by breeches buoy, while the captain and three men stayed aboard for fourteen hours before they too were rescued.

A FRENCH FREIGHTER ON THE ROCKS OFF CAP GRIS NEZ: The French cargo-vessel *Equateur* is seen fast on the rocks, after running aground during a night of storms a few hundred yards from Cap Gris Nez, in the Pas de Calais. Experts on the spot declared at the time that it might prove impossible to refloat the vessel.

ALL QUIET ON THE SHIPBUILDING FRONT—A SCENE IN THE STRIKE-BOUND PORT OF SUNDERLAND, SHOWING THE NORMALLY BUSY DOCKYARD OF AUSTIN'S LYING COMPLETELY IDLE: Due to the twenty-four-hour strike in Britain's engineering plants and shipyards, called by the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, about 1,000,000 men were involved in the shut-down, which was in support of a rejected claim for a three shilling in the pound increase in wages. The one-day strike was regarded by its organisers as a preliminary demonstration designed to show serious intent. The stoppage was particularly marked on Tyneside and Clydeside.

UNHAPPY FAMILIES

"Someone Waiting," at the Globe Theatre;
"A Day By the Sea," at the Haymarket

"WOOZLE, YOU LIKEE FIRE-WATER—I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE DELICIOUS, JUMBO BOY": Nedlow (Campbell Cotts) and his wife, Vera (Adrianne Allen), in one of the opening scenes in Emlyn Williams's new play, *Someone Waiting*, which was presented last week at the Globe Theatre, London. Martin (John Stratton), the adopted son of the Nedlows, is seen in the background. The play is packed with tension throughout and centres round the murder committed by Nedlow and the subsequent attempt of those who have found him out to bring him to unofficial justice. The play has a whole series of unexpected psychological twists. It is very much in the tradition of *Night Must Fall*. Emlyn Williams himself plays the sinister avenger, Fenn, who works in close association with Martin Nedlow.

HILDA GOES TO HER DOOM: Hilda (Gabrielle Brune) does not know it, but she has stepped into the room at an inconvenient moment for the two would-be murderers of John Nedlow. On the left is Martin, who does not realise that the avenger, Fenn (Emlyn Williams), is about to entice Hilda into the next room and murder her.

On left—
ANOTHER MOMENT OF TENSION: Mrs. Danecourt (Gladys Henson) finds the two would-be murderers, Martin Nedlow (John Stratton) and Fenn (Emlyn Williams) at another awkward moment.

CHEKOVIAN GLOOM ON THE DORSET COAST: Sir Lewis Casson, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud and Miss Irene Worth in N. C. Hunter's new play, *A Day By the Sea*, at the Haymarket Theatre. A dying octogenarian, a dipsomaniac doctor, an unsuccessful secretary in the Foreign Office, and a woman who has damaged her life by two unhappy marriages are only part of the tapestry worked by Mr. Hunter in his latest incisively written comedy of present-day life in an English country house.

SIR JOHN GIELGUD, FREDERICK PIPER AND DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, IN "A DAY BY THE SEA": Estimates for running the house take precedence over psychological and political problems in this scene from N. C. Hunter's new play. Last May, his previous play, *Waters of the Moon*, ended a run of 834 performances. Again Tennent Productions have provided him with a star-studded cast. In *A Day By the Sea*, Mr. Hunter skilfully depicts a household more than usually stocked with unfulfilled lives. Distinguished performances are given by Dame Sybil Thorndike, Irene Worth, Sir Lewis Casson, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud (who also produced the play), and by Megs Jenkins, who plays the part of a spinster governess afraid that she will never marry and offering herself to the drunken doctor. As Dr. Farley, Sir Ralph Richardson gives a rich, Falstaffian characterisation—a robust type, thrust by circumstance into a varied gathering of neurotics.

PROTEST at the ALBERT HALL

A Roman Catholic Meeting Asks for the Release of the Cardinal Primate of Poland; and Other News in Pictures from London and Perth

AN ENGLISH CARDINAL APPEALS AGAINST THE ARREST OF POLAND'S CARDINAL WYSZYNSKI: Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, speaking at the Royal Albert Hall during the rally held to protest against the persecution of the Church in Poland and other Communist-controlled countries.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS' ANTI-COMMUNIST PROTEST MEETING AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: The scene in the vast hall as 7,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church demanded that full liberty for the exercise of his office be restored to Cardinal Wyszynski and that the Warsaw Government should take immediate steps to grant full religious freedom to the people of Poland. These demands have been made in a protest signed on behalf of Roman Catholics throughout the British Commonwealth, and sent to the Polish Government. The protest described the arrest of Cardinal Wyszynski and other measures against the Roman Catholic Church as being "in direct contravention of fundamental principles of justice, of human rights, and of the Charter of the United Nations." In addition to Cardinal Griffin, other speakers at the rally included the Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds and Mr. K. I. Mackey, National President of the Roman Catholic Young Men's Society.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ATTENDS THE ANNUAL REUNION DINNER OF THE PERTH BRANCH OF THE SCOTS GUARDS' ASSOCIATION: His Royal Highness, Colonel of the Scots Guards, is seen with Major James Drummond-Moray at the top table during the dinner at Perth when the Duke was paying a short visit to Scotland. The Association held its first reunion dinner five years ago and the Duke of Gloucester was also present on that occasion.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW MASTER OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF BAKERS: Mr. Trevor Bowen, chairman of the John Barker group of stores, seen entering the banqueting hall of the Mansion House in company with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noel Bowater. Mr. Bowen, a liveryman of the Bakers' Company since 1926, succeeds Sir Rupert De la Bère. The installation took place at the livery dinner of the Bakers' Company.

A YOUNG WOMAN CARVER HELPS IN THE REBUILDING OF THE DUTCH CHURCH IN LONDON: Miss Rita Ling is seen at work carving a stone figure for the new Dutch church which is rising in Austin Friars to replace the one destroyed during the war. She is working under the direction of Professor Skeaping of the Royal College of Arts.

THE WINNER OF THE FEATURE CATEGORY IN THE SIXTH ANNUAL COMPETITION, BRITISH PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR: Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, presenting a cheque for 50 guineas together with an illuminated diploma and a copy of the *Britannica Book of the Year for* 1954, to Edward Brooks, a P.A.-Reuter Photos. photographer, at a ceremony held at the Institute of British Photographers. Mr. Brooks, a staff photographer based at Bristol, was awarded the prize for his picture of the Good Quads wishing their 100-year-old grandmother a happy birthday. The competition, sponsored by the *Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd.*, and the Institute of British Photographers, was organised in seven different categories.

TWO STARS OF THE LATEST RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN MUSICAL PRESENTED IN LONDON OPEN THE STRAND ASSOCIATION'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WEEK AT A CEREMONY HELD OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND: Valerie Hobson and Herbert Lom, who are appearing in *The King and I* at Drury Lane, wave to the crowd from a vintage Wolseley car during the short ceremony. Miss Hobson had arrived at this point in the Strand to cut a tape stretched across the thoroughfare. She was assisted by the Mayor of Westminster, Alderman C. P. Russell.

THE PROGRESS MADE IN THE REBUILDING OF STAPLE INN, HOLBORN, WHICH WAS EXTENSIVELY DAMAGED BY A FLYING BOMB DURING THE WAR: Work is still in hand on the section on the right, and the completed sections are already in use as private offices. The gabled and timbered façade, which is a well-known sight to Londoners, received little damage during the war, but the rear parts were completely destroyed in places. Staple Inn, which dates back to the year 1586, was originally a hostel for wood-staplers, but from the time of Henry V until 1884 it was an Inn of Chancery. Among the many famous people who have resided there was Dr. Johnson, who is said to have written *Rasselas* there during the evenings of a single week to pay for his mother's funeral. The Inn now has very little connection with chancery, except that most of the offices are rented by barristers. The façade of Staple Inn, which has changed very little throughout the centuries, was last restored in 1950.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Rebuilding in London; the Kabaka of Buganda; a New Tanker Launched at Birkenhead; An Art Exhibition of Medical Paintings; the Twenty-four-hour Strike; and Other Home News Pictures

ANOTHER TANKER FOR THE SHELL FLEET: This is the tanker *Hemifusus*, which was launched by Lady Maud, the wife of Sir John Maud, K.C.B., C.B.E., the Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, at Birkenhead. The vessel, which was built by Cammell Laird for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of Shell, is of 18,000 tons deadweight, and one of her many interesting features is a built-in swimming-pool. She is the fourth in the line of fifty-two tankers of modern design which are to be built for the Shell Company by 1956, and is named after a species of shell.

THE DEPOSED KABAKA OF BUGANDA WITH THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY LAST WEEK: The Kabaka, the African ruler of Buganda, in the Uganda Protectorate, was deposed by the Government after it had announced that he had repudiated obligations under the agreement of 1900 calling for loyal co-operation with the Protectorate Government. The announcement in the Commons of this step caused many protests from the Opposition. Following the departure of the Kabaka for London, a state of emergency was declared in Buganda, but there were no untoward incidents.

On right—

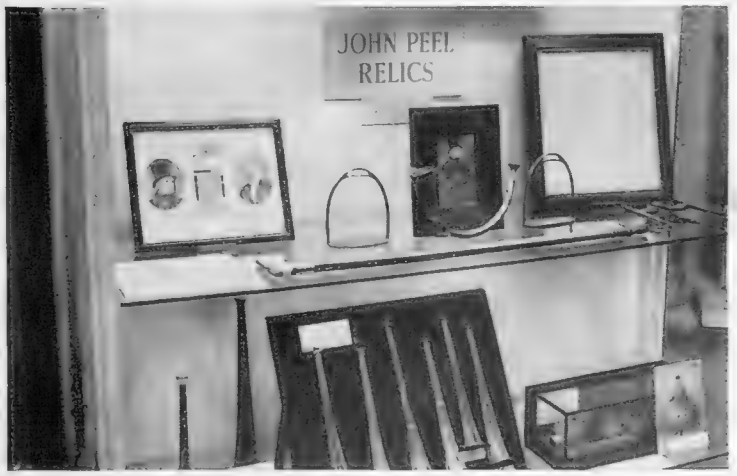
ELECTIONEERING BY BARGE—THE UNSUCCESSFUL CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE IN THE PADDINGTON BY-ELECTION, ON THE GRAND UNION CANAL: The candidate, Mr. John Eden, a nephew of the Foreign Secretary, is seen at the microphone addressing workmen on the bank. Also on the barge is his sister, Miss R. Eden. The North Paddington by-election was won by Mr. B. T. Parkin, the Labour candidate, who polled 14,274 votes against Mr. Eden's 12,014. In 1951 the Labour Party received 55.7 per cent. of the votes cast, and the Conservatives 44.2 per cent. Last week the figures were Labour, 53.8 per cent., and Conservative 45.2 per cent.

RADIO-CONTROLLED HELP FOR GLASGOW MOTORISTS: Lord Teynham, the Chairman of the Automobile Association, is seen inaugurating a new radio-controlled assistance service for motorists in the Glasgow area. Behind Lord Teynham are, from left to right, Mr. Hugh Fraser, the Hon. Treasurer of the A.A.; Mr. W. V. Gibson, the Secretary, and Councillor T. R. Paterson, of Glasgow. If a motorist in the Glasgow area is in difficulties or has a breakdown, he can phone the Glasgow headquarters of the A.A., who will then direct a patrolman to him by radio.

MISS ANNA ZINKEISEN AT AN EXHIBITION OF HER PAINTINGS IN LONDON: Miss Zinkeisen (left) is seen talking to Divisional Superintendent Mrs. O. K. Russell, and behind them is one of the paintings now on view at Parsons Gallery in Grosvenor Street, London. All the pictures are of medical subjects, and there are among the exhibits some drawings made by Anna Zinkeisen for the Royal College of Surgeons. During the war the artist was a nurse in St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

CAPTAINS AND ADMIRALS MAN THE OARS AS AN ADMIRAL RETIRES: This was the scene as Admiral Sir Maurice Mansergh was rowed ashore in the traditional manner following his relinquishing Plymouth Command. The new Commander-in-Chief is Admiral Sir Alexander Madden. The ceremony began when the band of the Royal Marines beat "Retreat" on the Mount Wise cricket ground. Then, as "Sunset" was sounded, Admiral Mansergh's flag was lowered on Admiralty House. Sir Maurice was then rowed in the traditional manner by a crew of Admirals and Captains, from Mount Wise Pier, where the whole of the Headquarters' Staff were mustered to bid him farewell.

DOWN THE VILLAGE STREET—THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNT AT A RECENT MEET: The Hunt is seen passing through the main street of Edenbridge, Kent. This particular meet was an important one in the history of the Hunt, as it was the first time that a lady Master, Miss A. Holland, of Cowden, had taken part in a meet.



RELICS OF A FAMOUS CUMBERLAND HUNTSMAN ON VIEW IN LONDON: This is part of the exhibition of the relics of John Peel, which was opened by the Duke of Beaufort. The relics are now on view at the offices of the British Field Sports Society in Piccadilly. John Peel, who inspired the song written by John Woodcock Graves, was born in the Cumberland village of Caldeck in 1776 and died there in 1854.

ENGINEERS ON A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR STRIKE—A PARADE OF STRIKERS AT GREENWICH: The strike was called by the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions in order to stress their claim for a 15 per cent. increase in wages. Over 1,000,000 union members throughout the country responded, and it was estimated that output valued at about £10,000,000 was lost through the strikers' action. Most of the shipyards in the North of England were practically deserted on the day of the strike, and yards and factories in other parts of the country were affected. There is some speculation as to what the next move by the strikers will be. It is generally thought that a ban will be put on overtime, but this is not expected to take place until after Christmas.

THE STRIKE HAS ITS EFFECT AT SOUTHAMPTON: A lone fisherman and two men working high on the mast of the liner *Queen Mary* are the only people to be seen in the shipyard during the twenty-four-hour strike. Shipyards and docks in the South were not affected so badly as those in the North.

THE MID-OCEAN CLUB, BERMUDA, MEETING-PLACE OF THE BIG THREE : This aerial view shows the superb setting of the club where President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill, M. Joseph Laniel and their Foreign Ministers took up residence last week. The dining-room was selected as the Conference Hall, and the visitors were each allotted elegant suites. Sentries of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, who are stationed in Bermuda, were posted outside the club before Sir Winston's arrival on Wednesday of last week. Twice within the space of two weeks world interest has focused on Bermuda, the Three-Power Conference following close on the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip.

WITH SIR WINSTON IN BERMUDA

The Mid-Ocean Club, Scene of the Big Three Meetings Which Began Last Week-end

The Mid-Ocean Club, Bermuda, has probably provided the most intimate setting there has ever been for an International Conference, for Sir Winston was given a suite of rooms only one floor above those of President Eisenhower and M. Laniel, and all three could confer together in the utmost comfort at any time of the day or night. Sir Winston Churchill, as the Conference host, met M. Laniel and M. Bidault at the island's airport, but the French Premier looked rather grim and businesslike as he left his plane, and it was reported that he was intent on swinging Britain into line on the European Defence question. M. Laniel's subsequent illness was an unfortunate setback for the Conference. With the arrival of President Eisenhower and Mr. John Foster Dulles everything was ready for the start of the Conference. One thing besetting the Ministers at the outset, and before they could discuss the question of German unity, was Russia's request for a Conference on Germany.

THE CONFERENCE ROOM FOR THE BIG THREE IN THE MID-OCEAN CLUB : The stage as it was set for the meeting of President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill, M. Joseph Laniel and their Foreign Secretaries. The flags of the three nations adorn the table. On duty stands a corporal of the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

SIR WINSTON AND MR. EDEN WITH THE FRENCH DELEGATES : The Prime Minister shaking hands with M. Joseph Laniel on his arrival in Bermuda with M. Georges Bidault (right), his Foreign Secretary. On the following day they greeted President Eisenhower and Mr. John Foster Dulles, who flew in from Washington.

THE ISLAND CONFERENCE

The British, French and American Delegations During Their Bermuda Gathering to Discuss World Affairs

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS: The President of the United States walking down the ranks following his arrival at Kindley Field for the start of the Bermuda Conference of the Big Three. The President was the last of the Big Three to arrive.

A FRIENDLY SKIRMISH: While M. Laniel looks on, no doubt guessing at the situation despite his very limited command of English, President Eisenhower tries to persuade Sir Winston to take the centre chair before the Big Three were to be photographed officially. Sir Winston won this friendly skirmish.

THE BIG THREE AND THEIR FOREIGN MINISTERS MEET AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA: His Excellency the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood, is seen with M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister; Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the United States Secretary of State; Mr. Anthony Eden, President Dwight D. Eisenhower and M. Joseph Laniel. They were attending a reception given by the Governor for the visiting delegates to the Conference.

The Sphere of Travel

SAILING AWAY TO SUNSHINE

Concerning Some Cruises, Long and Short, to Ports that Bask in Warm Sunshine

By GORDON COOPER

A FEW months ago I had one of the greatest nostalgic thrills of my life. I was in the magnificent main hall of the Oslo Town Hall and saw framed through its enormous central window the picture of a three-master sailing-ship which was anchored on the waters of the fjord outside. Above was the vastness of the sky. The scene recalled vividly to mind an almost legendary journey I made some years before the war on the four-masted *Herzogin Cecilie*, the pride of the famous Erikson fleet, which, alas, ended its days as a wreck on the South Devon coast.

We had come up the Baltic, past Bornholm and Gottland, in fine weather, and the *Herzogin Cecilie* was sweeping majestically along, rapidly nearing her home port of Mariehamm. Suddenly all was changed. The blue sky was gone and a dimness came over everything, and one suddenly realised how strong the wind had become. Stronger and stronger it blew, and now it was like a solid wall and one could not stand up against it. It flung the great windjammer on her side and held her there, yet all the time the ship drove on, with the green waters racing past.

The roar of the wind became a whine, high-pitched and tremulous, and the whole ship resounded to the deafening clamour of crashing canvas. Captain Erikson stood on the poop, calling out orders, while up in the rigging men struggled furiously to reduce canvas. Three helmsmen clung like grim death to the big double wheel amidships. The ship was logging sixteen knots when the main-course, a sail as big as a tennis court, burst apart with a crash like gun-fire. Then a stay-sail blew itself into bits, and ragged pieces of canvas went hurtling into the gloom, leaving only tattered ribbons streaming from the yards.

Travelling under almost bare poles the ship drove on into the night. For hours that mad drive continued and next day found us approaching the shores of Lithuania. It took us three days to fight our way back, only to be driven back again by another storm. But one night, when the blood-red moon rose out of the sea, we smelled fragrant scents from the invisible pine forests and we knew that we had reached the rocky islands which fringe the coast of Finland. Next morning we saw its green shores rise out of the sea, and a few hours later we came to our destination. My voyage from Belfast to Finland took twenty days, it had cost me £7, but it was worth untold gold in memories.

No longer, unfortunately, can the adventurous travel on a windjammer or on some freighter which took you round the world in 200 days at a cost of £80, and even included the opportunity of calling on cannibals in New Guinea. Still, adventure is where you find it, and perhaps in some of the cruises now available there may, for the imaginative, be undiscovered golden shores of which to dream.

For those who have the time to spare, there are round voyages to most parts of the world. Blue Star Line, for instance, in co-operation with Royal Mail Lines, is offering special winter "sunshine voyages" to Rio de Janeiro. The round trip lasts thirty-three days, with two days ashore at Rio, and half the currency allowance is ample. Round-trip fares are from £284, and there are several sailings during January, February and March.

Another round-trip to South America can be made on new British freighters of the Saint Line, which have excellent accommodation for twelve passengers. Calls are made at various ports in Brazil, Montevideo, in Uruguay, and generally Buenos Aires, in the Argentine. The ship is used as hotel throughout the tour, which occupies approximately eighty days at a cost of £255–£280.

Further north in the Western Hemisphere are fortnightly sailings by British, Dutch and Norwegian freighters to the West Indies, Panama and up the Pacific seaboard to Vancouver. Here, about a week is spent, with the ship as an hotel, as at all other ports. The round voyage averages three months, with fares from £250 up, according to type of vessel.

My final cruise suggestion in this part of the world is one which takes you by British or Scandinavian freighter to Jamaica, where seven to ten days are spent in an hotel at Kingston. The next leg of the journey is by an American line to New Orleans, whence you join another boat to bring you back to Britain. (You can, if you wish, travel north to Philadelphia or New York, and take ship there.) This two-month circular trip costs about £250, and, apart from personal expenditure, does not touch on your currency allowance.

For those who prefer the Orient, there are round trips (forty-six days) to Karachi by the Polish liner *Batory*, costing from £180 1st class and £125 tourist class. A longer, and rather more exotic, trip would be by the M.S. *Willem Ruys*, of the Royal Rotterdam Lloyd, which takes you to Batavia, in Java, where you spend a week. The ship also calls at various interesting ports on the journey. You can stay on board at the Indonesian ports if you wish, and the inclusive fare is £342.

There are various lines by which you can travel round Africa, ranging from the regular sailings of the Union-Castle Line to freighters of various countries. You must allow seventy to ninety days for this never-to-be-forgotten voyage, the fares being from £150 up. In my next article I will be dealing with some of the excursions that can be made in this fascinating continent. Incidentally, for the adventurous, there are opportunities for travelling on freighters which take you to the Indian Ocean islands, such as Reunion, Mauritius and Madagascar.

THE DEPARTURE FROM TENERIFE DURING A SUNSHINE VOYAGE: This picture was taken from the deck of the M.V. *Venus* on a voyage to the Canary Islands, which Gordon Cooper describes in his article as the best "sun-traps" near Britain.

Nearer home, and thus occupying less time, are round trips to Madeira and the Canaries by the Union Castle, Bergen and Royal Mail Lines, also by the *Monte Urquoia*, a most excellent Spanish vessel of which I have had recently personal experience. In all cases you can spend a few days on these Atlantic isles, the best "sun-traps" near Britain, before returning home again.

You can, of course, find excellent accommodation at Funchal, in Madeira; at Las Palmas; and at Santa Cruz and Orotava, in Tenerife; but for those who seek new worlds to visit, then I proffer the suggestion that from Las Palmas or Santa Cruz de Tenerife you might be delighted to stay for a few days in the excellent paradors (hotels) of the Spanish State Tourist Department at Arrecife, on the curious island of Lanzarote, and at Santa Cruz de La Palma, the most beautiful of all the Canaries. You can reach Arrecife by air or sea, La Palma by a short sea journey, in each case from Las Palmas or Tenerife. I can recommend the Spanish Tourist Service (4, West Halkin Street, London, S.W.1) to help you in the local transportation services, which can be rather difficult for the uninitiated traveller.

There is a wide range of round voyages that can be made to the Iberian Peninsula and to the Mediterranean. For those with about three weeks to spare there are weekly sailings from Antwerp which call at the Portuguese coastal ports of Oporto, Lisbon and the Algarve. The trip is made on new German freighters, having very comfortable accommodation and good food. A longer trip, about five weeks in duration, and likewise by German freighters, extends to various East Spanish ports, sometimes the Balearic Isles. I would point out that a Briton travelling on a foreign ship is entitled to buy credit vouchers to the extent of 20 per cent. of the price paid for his fare and making no inroads on his currency allowance. This is quite an important matter to bear in mind, for I still find people who are not aware of the concession. I must also emphasise that if you decide to travel on a freighter, you can seldom be sure of the dates either of departure or return, for on these boats the cargoes come first.

A three-weeks pleasant and sunny holiday from and to London can be had by a Mediterranean cruise on ships of the Hellenic Line. These sail about every ten days from Marseilles, visiting Genoa, Piræus, Alexandria, Port Said, Beyrouth and Limassol. The inclusive cost is, 1st class, 150 guineas.

Another recommended Mediterranean round voyage can be made on the S.S. *Campidoglio*, an Italian cargo-passenger vessel. Sailings are from and to Venice, calls being made at Brindisi, Piræus (for Athens), Alexandria, Port Said, Beyrouth, Famagusta, Latakia, Iskerderun and Mersina, Izmir, Rhodes and Bari. Both the service and the food are excellent on this ship. The inclusive cost from and to London is only 126 guineas for about four-weeks holiday. There are monthly sailings, and this particular steamer runs to schedule.

My last suggestion for a sea tour offers as good value as any. Approximately every Wednesday a new motor freighter of the Associated French Lines leaves Dunkirk for Algiers, Oran, Mostaganem, Benisaffi, Nemours and often Casablanca, returning via Spain to London in the fruit season (October to May). The duration of each voyage is three to four weeks, a few days longer when Tunisia is sometimes visited. The inclusive fare is £68, or £75 when Tunisia is included. From personal inspection I can vouch for the almost luxurious comfort of these ships, whose cuisine is above reproach, while wine is included in the price of the ticket.

Specialist firms handling freighter voyages include Cook's, Informal Travels (45, Queensway, London, W.2), and Benson Travelways (85, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1).

WESTWARD TO THE CARIBBEAN: The harbour of San Antonio, which is situated on the north-east coast of Surrey, Jamaica. Gordon Cooper refers to one particular cruise to the island which allows a stay of about a week.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FISHING VILLAGE OF CAMARA DE LOBOS, MADEIRA: A short distance from this picturesque village, situated a few miles west of Funchal, is Cabo Girão (1,960 ft.), one of the highest sea-cliffs in the world.

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THE GREAT WASHINGTON DEBATE CONTINUES: SENDERS OF "PERFUMED NOTES" v. "THE WOE OF WISCONSIN"

THE HUNT FOR SPIES IN THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION BECOMES A CONTEST BETWEEN PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND SENATOR McCARTHY: *On left*—Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, during a Press conference in which he defended American foreign policy and hit back at the Senator from Wisconsin. *On right*—Senator Joseph McCarthy, who is carrying his bags, declines to make any comments on Mr. Dulles' speech on his arrival in Washington from a hunting holiday in Wisconsin.

The second stage of the Harry Dexter White case is now developing along the lines which were perhaps originally expected of it. Mr. McCarthy, recently christened "the Woe of Wisconsin" by Mr. Adlai Stevenson, took to heart the President's attempt to prove to the nation that his administration could hunt Communists as well as the next junior Senator. In a carefully-prepared television broadcast Mr. McCarthy directly challenged President Eisenhower on the issue of Communist infiltration in the present and previous administrations, and the role this would play in next year's Congressional elections. He also condemned the administration's foreign policy for a lack of toughness towards Communism. "Are we to continue sending perfumed notes, following the style of the Truman-Acheson regime?" For a week Washington waited for the counter-attack. It came with a speech by Mr. John Foster Dulles: "It is the clear and firm purpose of this administration," he declared, "to treat other free nations as sovereign equals." Mr. Dulles' statement was followed up by the President himself. In defiance of the Senator's pronouncements, Mr. Eisenhower reaffirmed his "previously expressed conviction that fear of Communists actively undermining our Government will not be an issue in the 1954 elections." Back to the attack came the Senator. He was unrepentant. Indeed, he urged his followers to wage a war of telegrams on the President, "so that he can be properly guided" in the matter of the "blood trade"—British trade with Communist China. The President has been thrown on the defensive ever since the beginning of the White affair. Mr. McCarthy has now denied that he will stand for the Presidency—usually the first step on the long road to nomination. The debate continues.

REBUILDING ANCIENT CLOISTERS IN HOLLAND

A LABOUR OF LOVE IN THE NETHERLANDS: Mr. Van Weel, an antique dealer, and his son are seen busy at their self-imposed task of restoring some ancient cloisters at the town of Nijmegen, on the banks of the River Waal. The cloisters, which were founded in 1196 for the Knights of St. Jan, were used by the Walloon Parish, a reformed sect, from 1656 until 1944, and were destroyed during the fighting around Arnhem and Nijmegen during the war. Since the end of the war, members of the Walloon Parish have been busy trying to raise money for the restoration, but so far have not been successful.

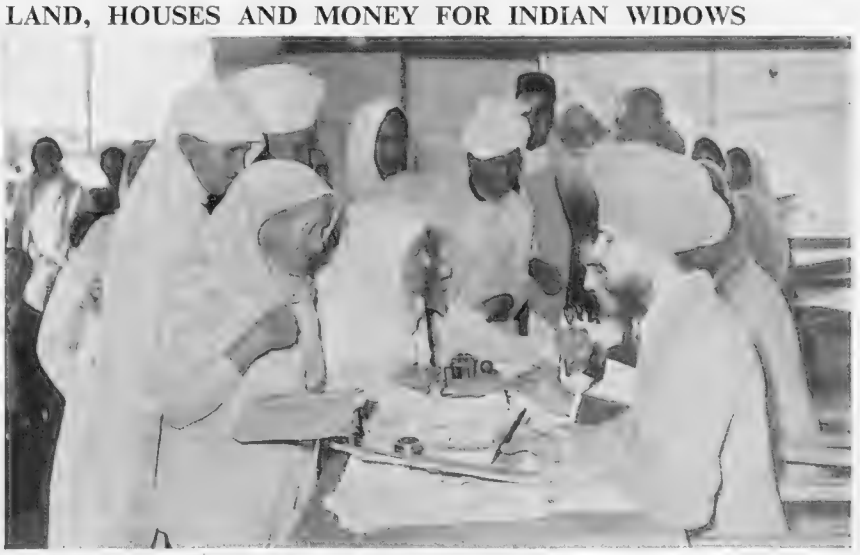
RUNNING A LARGE FAMILY AND A GOVERNMENT OFFICE

THE DANISH MINISTER OF COMMERCE AND HER LARGE FAMILY: Mrs. Lis Groes, who has recently been elected Minister of Commerce in the new Socialist Government of Denmark, is seen with her large family. The children are Uffe, aged 9; Mette, 16; Inge, 10; Nils, 15; Eske, 2; Tyge, 4; Birte, 6; Arne, 14; and Lise, 12. Mrs. Groes, who is extremely popular with Danish women, claims that by running her family on the same strict lines as her office, not only does she run her house smoothly, but that she also imparts a sense of responsibility to the children. Each child has an allotted task to perform.

CITY LIGHTS IN GERMANY

THE LIGHTS GO UP AGAIN IN NUREMBERG: This is a scene in Koenigstrasse, near the Lorenz church. Since the end of the war, Nuremberg, which is famous for its Christmas Toy Market, has been lit only by street lamps at Christmas-time, but now the Christmas illuminations have been switched on again.

LAND, HOUSES AND MONEY FOR INDIAN WIDOWS



COMPENSATION FOR INDIAN WIDOWS: Officials checking the credentials of widows before giving them documents on which to claim compensation for having lost their homes by the creation of Pakistan as a separate State in 1947. The compensation will generally take the form of houses, land and some money. Although every effort is being made to settle all the claims as soon as possible, it is expected that the task will take some time to complete.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NOVELS OLD AND NEW

Nine of Somerset Maugham's Best Stories Bound Together in Three Volumes; Margery Sharp's Pleasant Novel of a Devonshire Farm in 1870, and Other New Publications

THERE is a certain blue, used by some primitive painters for their skies, and this is the blue that has been chosen for the bindings and jackets of a new collected edition of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's novels, which are now being published in a set of three volumes, each volume including three full-length novels (Heinemann. 15s. each). Apart from the colour there is nothing primitive about this set of works by the most sophisticated and brilliant of English writers, and this good-looking production hardly needs my recommendation for the most important of lists, that is the list of things you want for yourself. The first volume includes *Liza of Lambeth*, *Cakes and Ale* and *Theatre*; the second, *The Moon and Sixpence*, *The Painted Veil* and *Narrow Corner*, and the third, *Christmas Holiday*, *The Razor's Edge* and *Up at the Villa*. As better men have said before me, *verb sap.*

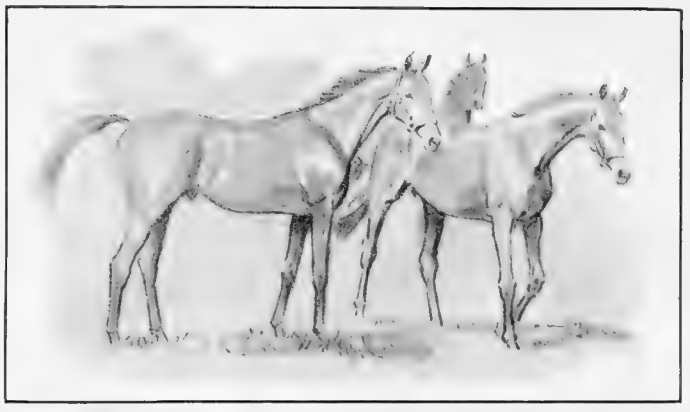
Sometimes, but very rarely, one comes across a novel which not only translates a happy mood but leaves the reader enough of the overflow of that mood to make him happy himself. Such a one is Miss Margery Sharp's THE GIPSY IN THE PARLOUR (Collins. 10s. 6d.), the effect of which is to leave one in as golden a glow as the sky in a Claude Lorrain, to continue the painting analogies. The setting is a Devonshire farmstead, the time "the heart of the great summer of 1870," and the narrator of the story a little London-bred girl who is customarily sent to spend her summer holidays with her three splendid, larger-than-life-size aunts in the country, away from her frigidly respectable parents. There are love-stories, there is an intrigue in the exact sense of the word, there are minor troubles, but, above and through all of it, there is a sense of security and comfort and a little ecstasy, which in many vocabularies may add up to happiness.

A SONG OF A SHIRT (Verschoyle. 10s. 6d.) could, I think, fairly be called a clever piece of fun by Mr. Christopher Sykes. It is also slightly esoteric fun, and concerns the fortunes of a staff officer who, during the war, arrives in Egypt from Singapore with a secret and important letter which he delivers in the proper quarter, only to be reprimanded on the subject of his appearance in general and his shirt in particular. The whole effect, as the author points out, being of slightly Ghent-to-Aix nature, since the officer had made his hazardous journey with no thought for anything but his mission. It is amusing, and, if there is such a thing, nostalgic the wrong way round.

THE MARMOT DRIVE (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. John Hersey's new novel, and is constructed on the now familiar plan of having a group of people brought together for a short time and in bizarre circumstances and exploring the effects of the day, or the hours on them, in relation to their past histories. Mr. Thornton Wilder has been responsible for a wide use of this technique, but, unfortunately, some of his compatriot-colleagues don't seem to have caught on to the fact that one has to write very well indeed to make a success of it. The circumstance that Mr. Hersey has chosen is a woodchuck or marmot hunt in or around a Connecticut village, and the publishers obligingly describe the quarry as ", . . certain stout-bodied, short-legged rodents," which makes them sound rather like part-time charwomen, but which is undoubtedly accurate. The novel is probably accurate, too, in its expression of characters' feelings, but I can't say that I really enjoyed it, or its oddities of phrasing, as much as I had hoped.

Of this week's historical novels the most vital and, in a sense, the most convincing, is Jean Plaidy's story of Henry VIII and Katharine Parr, THE SIXTH WIFE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.). The author explains that the life story of Katharine Parr from the time she became Queen until her death reads more like fiction than fact, and it is so, even to the extent of improbability, which must in a way be baffling to a novelist, but Jean Plaidy has done a good best with the extraordinary material and produced a likeable romance.

THE CASTILIAN (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.) is a title which evokes Spain, but which, in Miss Mima Robertson's novel, refers to one William Kirkaldy, a member of a small band of Protestants who, in 1546, occupied and held the Castle of St. Andrews. Kirkaldy was later, in 1573, to take part in the desperate defence of Edinburgh Castle, and it is with this phase that the story is principally concerned in its simple but dramatic way.



THREE BAY FOALS: This is a reproduction from *Sportsman's Sketchbook* (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), a collection of notes and impressions made by Lionel Edwards, R.I. The illustrations are really notes in colour and black-and-white of all sorts of incidents that occur in and around stables and kennels.

Both this week's adventure stories are tales of the sea: the first, Mr. Gilbert Hackforth-Jones' THE SOLE SURVIVOR (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), which has an ingenious plot, complete authenticity of atmosphere, and, as one also expects from him, the sweep and impetus that only the born story-teller can give. SEA HUNTERS (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) takes a different aspect of the sea into consideration, for this novel of Mr. Frank Robb's deals with deep-sea line-fishing out of Durban, in the notoriously wicked stretch of water in the Mozambique current.

As for this week's thriller, it is CROWS CAN'T COUNT (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), an excursion into crime and ornithology by Mr. A. A. Fair. Creditable and extremely entertaining, though I 'm not sure I quite believe in those casserole-sized emeralds on the cover design.

The first of this week's choice of books on general subjects is Miss Rose Macaulay's impressive tome, PLEASURE OF RUINS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.). Miss Macaulay has chosen some lines of Henry James's to illustrate her theme: "To delight in the aspects of sentient ruin might appear a heartless pastime, and the pleasure, I confess, shows a note of perversity," though I doubt whether readers will be able to find any hint of perversity in this immensely scholarly book with its flashes of the writer's individual wit, and the happily chosen references to travellers of old and their discoveries and cult of ruined cities, temples and palaces.

Mr. John Seymour is one of those spry, indefatigable and gregarious travellers who make friends readily and without prejudice, and never allows a little thing like lack of money to deter him from a voyage of thousands of miles. ROUND ABOUT INDIA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is his account of almost a year's peregrination (the word is really apt here) up and down India, from the day when he landed from a small sailing ship—"But why did you not come by the ferry, why, wh-ee?"—to the day when he took off again by Comet airliner. With the author's own photographs, all of them good, and some of them quite excellent, this book makes a very lively travel log and, more than that, an enthusiastic introduction to the Indian way of life.

NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN (Verschoyle. 21s.) is, to put it more briefly than its author would be likely to, the story of Mr. Denis Johnston's experiences as war correspondent for the B.B.C., in the desert, up through Italy, and with the Americans in Germany. When he is writing at first hand about Montgomery, about men in action, about Buchenwald or about the Brenner Pass, this is really good stuff, with the authentic impact of a terrible war, but that is by no means all there is to this book, and I couldn't find an equal appreciation for the interpolations of Mr. Johnston's thoughts and fancies, frequent and lengthy as they were.

Mr. Arthur Bryant has undertaken a magnificent task, the writing of a new history of England in three volumes, of which the first has now appeared, as welcome as a strong, salty wind on a sultry day. THE STORY OF ENGLAND—MAKERS OF THE REALM (Collins. 16s.) starts with a discussion of the antecedents and beginnings of the islanders—"of an island alchemy that has changed human history"—and of the land itself and the first invaders 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, and ends with a masterly chapter on life in the thirteenth century. In that vast sweep of years Mr. Bryant covers not only the outlines of political and racial history, but the social history, the growth and development of farming, and later of trade, and the structure of the first attempts at government and at rural law. I think I need not add that this is an absorbing book, and one to keep on the bookshelves, waiting for its companions.

Perhaps, after all, people who prefer detective stories have the most luck of anyone this week, for there is a very good new Raymond Chandler, his best since the last but two, and quite hypnotically readable. THE LONG GOOD-BYE (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is set in California, and the haunts of the high livers and low thinkers as usual, and it presents once more that admirable private eye, Philip Marlowe. More than that I won't tell you, because I 'm on your side and want you to enjoy it for yourselves.

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Ten plays by one of Britain's most successful dramatists have been assembled in two volumes entitled **THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF TERENCE RATTIGAN** (Hamish Hamilton, each volume 15s.), *each of which may be bought separately. The author has provided an introduction for each volume.*

THE INTERNATIONAL COOKERY BOOK (Muller. 12s. 6d.), *edited by Ambrose Heath, is a collection of 975 recipes from countries all over the world.*

THE SHAPE OF THE AEROPLANE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), *written and illustrated by James Hay Stevens, is a book for young people about the changing appearance of aeroplanes and the reasons for the changes. There are 280 illustrations.*

THE GIRL'S HANDICRAFT BOOK (Ward Lock. 15s.), *by Leslie S. Woollard, with a chapter on needlework by Anne Thornton, is a comprehensive book on a wide variety of crafts for the girl between the ages of twelve and sixteen. There are many illustrations.*

MADELINE'S RESCUE (Derek Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.) *is another story in words and pictures by Ludwig Bemelmans of the smallest of Miss Clavel's twelve pupils at a Paris school. This time the children are joined by a dog who has some adventures of its own.*

TROLLOPE BACK AT BARCHESTER

The Two Heroines of Plumplington at Last in Book Form

When Conan Doyle eventually allowed Sherlock Holmes to die he could not resist the demands of his friends, and the hero of detective fiction resumed his sleuthing only a very short while after he had fallen to his death above an Alpine glacier. Anthony Trollope, too, could not resist returning to his beloved Barsetshire, scene of so many fascinating chronicles, home of so many heroes and heroines, and, of course, the domain of Mrs. Proudie; but after *The Last Chronicle of Barset* the author kept out of the county for sixteen years. He had evidently killed off Mrs. Proudie at the request of friends, who could stand her dominating ways no longer, and what was Barsetshire without that ecclesiastical matriarch? It was at the very end of his life that Trollope did return, and in the month of his death there was published in the Christmas Number of *Good Words* his story, *The Two Heroines of Plumplington*. It begins with the sentence "All the world may not know that Plumplington is the second town of Barsetshire," and this was a very proper introduction, because Trollope had never before referred to Plumplington, and it has not appeared on the maps produced by ardent Trollopians, although we may surmise it lies between Barchester and Silverbridge. The truth is that this tale, having first seen the light of day in a magazine, has not been published in book form until now. THE TWO HEROINES OF PLUMPLINGTON (Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.) is a tale of true love between two good well-to-do young women and two good poor young men, and here we again see the situation of stubborn parent keeping young lovers apart, but the situation is doubled, and with a pair of outraged fathers, a pair of stubborn suitors, and a pair of charming heroines, ardent followers of the great novelist will surely be content? This is not vintage Trollope, for it is far removed from the great years of his literary productivity, but it has the authentic touch.

Gordon Young is not completely convincing in his role of composer of a dictionary of contemporary Russian National Biography, but there is no gainsaying that his book STALIN'S HEIRS (Derek Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.) is a most self-assured piece of work. He shows the climb to power of Malenkov, and the climb of Beria along lines parallel to those of Malenkov, but he is quite evidently not sure why one man won and one man lost, and for all its absorbing interest, this can only be accepted as the work of a writer from the West touching upon deeply involved problems that extend deep into the heart of the East.

Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand, the Chief of Staff to the British Eighth Army and 21st Army Group, the confidant of Field-Marshal Montgomery, wrote in *Operation Victory* of his desert experiences at a time when the world's fate hinged upon Alamein. In AFRICAN ASSIGNMENT (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) he has written a much more personal book about Africa, memoirs that cover his earlier soldiering days and include his post-war residence in the Union. De Guingand writes at length on racial problems. As a newcomer to the Union he sits on the political fence while Afrikaners and Torch Commandos fight out the great issues of the day; but surely he must realise that this negative line, admirable though it may be in a newcomer, can resolve no issues. He must realise, too, that it can avail nothing to quote American intolerance of Negro rights as an argument that South Africa is not alone in her segregation policies. Sir Francis is a great lover of Africa, and that fact at least shines clear through these pages.

Sir John Gielgud's record in the modern theatre is already long and impressive, and many will doubtless welcome the revised and enlarged edition of his autobiography EARLY STAGES (The Falcon Press. 15s.). This new edition coincides with the publication of the autobiography of Sir John's mother, KATE TERRY GIELGUD (Max Reinhardt. 21s.). From her actress mother and artist father she inherited a love of the arts which passed on to her sons. She is a fluent writer, and a discerning critic of the stage, and, as she says in her postscript to this engaging book, is more than content to be "the link between the famous ones who made—and are making—stage history."

QUEEN SHEBA'S RING (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the illustrated edition of the romances of Sir Rider Haggard. *She*, *Allan Quatermain* and *Nada the Lily* are among the volumes already published.

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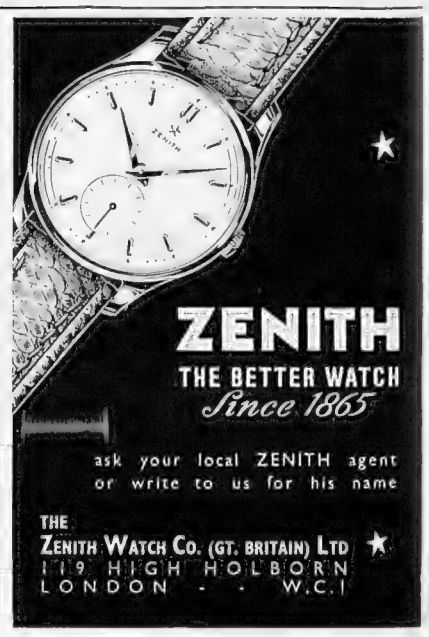

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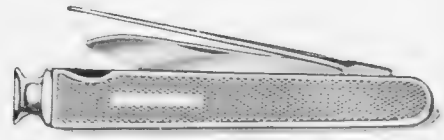

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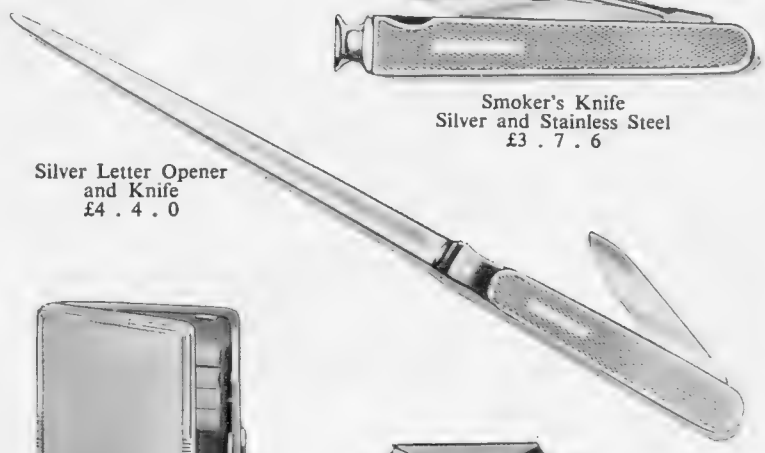

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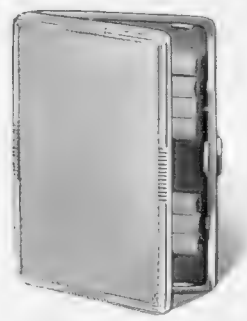

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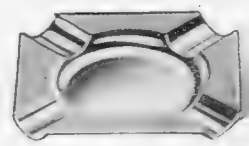

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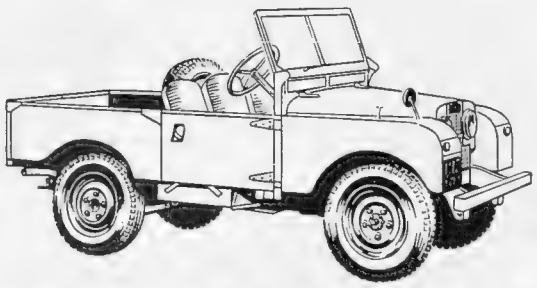

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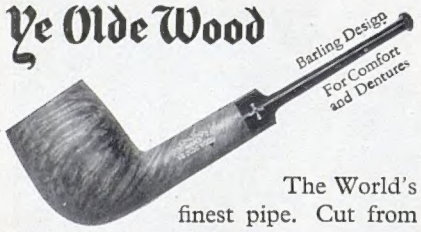

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